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Africa's Next Basket Case, by Radek Sikorski

NATIONAL REVIEW

WE DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A COLD WAR ON

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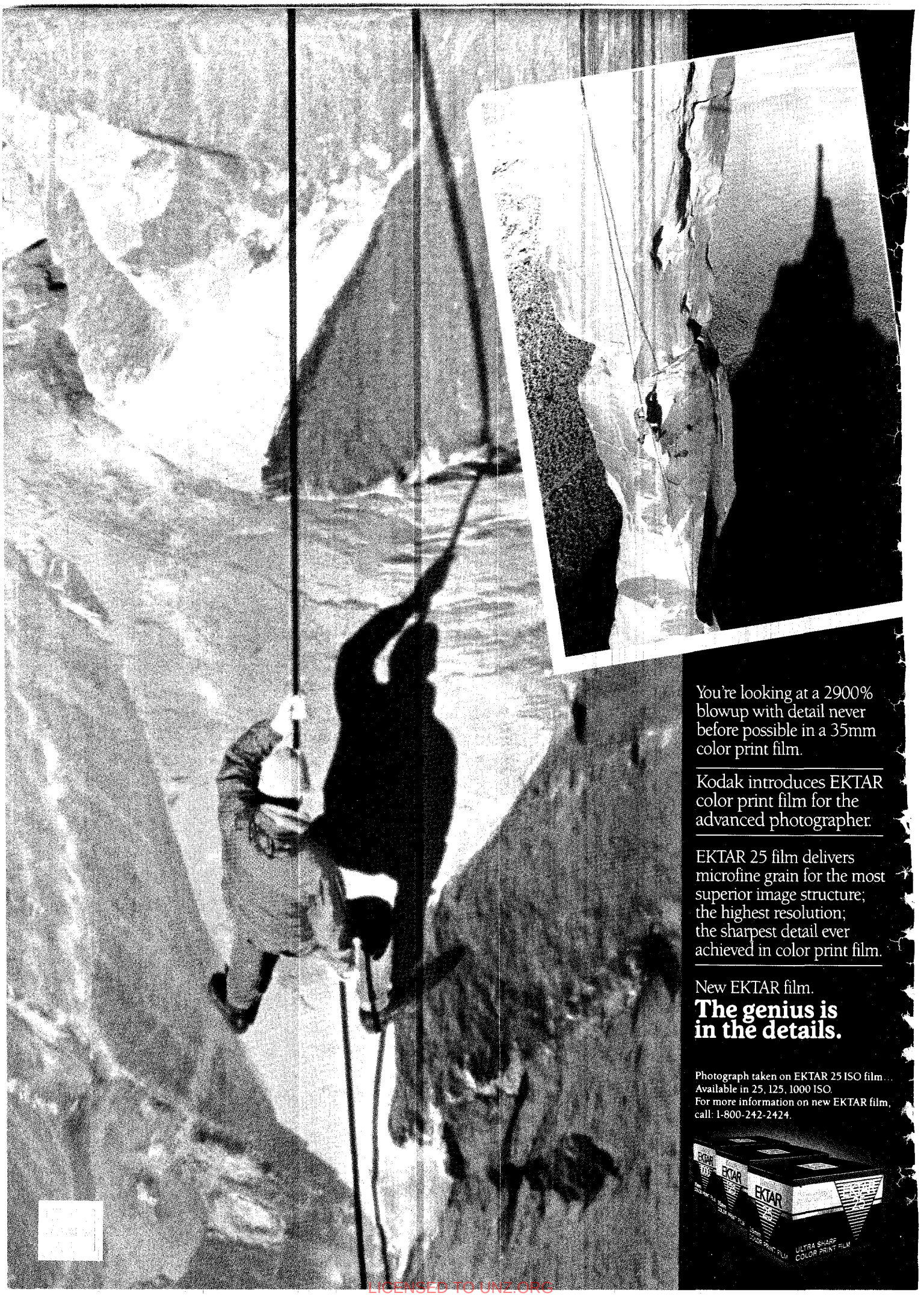

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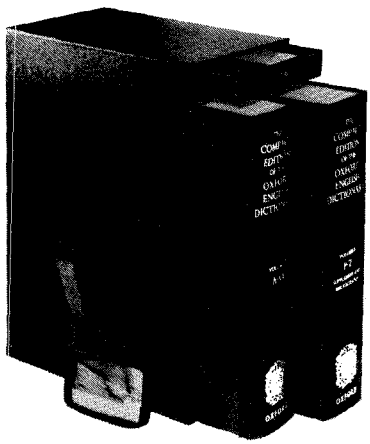

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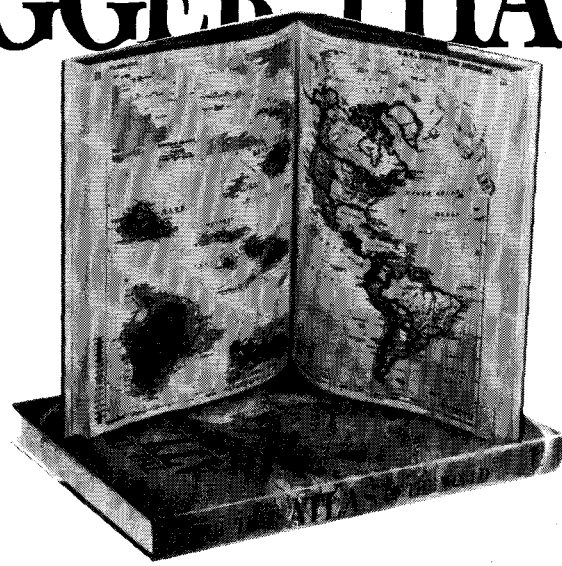

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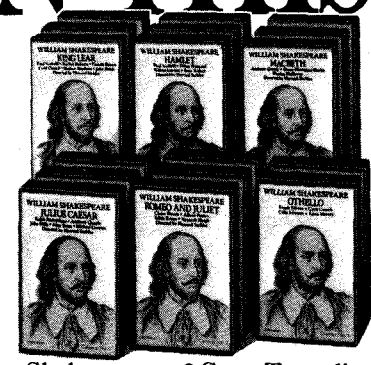

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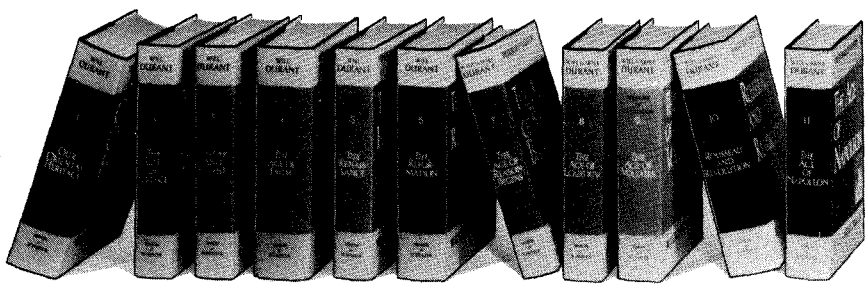

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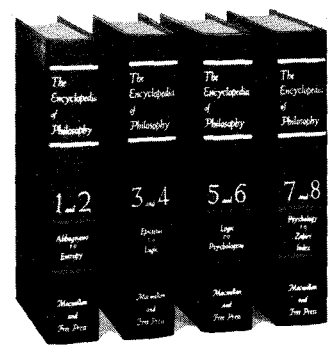

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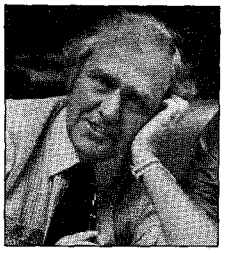
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Unless SWAPO breaks its promises, reports **Radek Sikorski**, independent Namibia will lose its technical elite, foreign investment, and rule of law. . . . **William McGurn** prepares us for the final tragedy of the Nicaraguan resistance—defeated not by the Sandinistas on the battlefield, but by the Democrats in Congress. . . . Blacks in Kansas City, note **Richard Nadler** and **Tom Donelson**, are up in arms over . . . court-ordered desegregation!

37 Henry Luce, Call Your Medium
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Checking a defendant's psychiatric competence to stand trial violates a precept as traditional as the presumption of innocence —and is truly absurd when compared to our standards for jurors. *Thomas Szasz*

43 The Invisible Success Story
Asian-Americans are eminently successful in business, academia, and industry—but politically quiescent. Who will tap this reservoir of energy, money, know-how, and votes? One clue: Asians move West because they like Western values. *Stuart Rothenberg*
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47 Something funny is going on in Vermont—or soon might be, concludes **Joseph Sobran** from Frank Bryan and John McClaughry's *The Vermont Papers*, in which two political scientists argue cogently, charmingly, and cleverly for abandoning a half-century of centralization. . . . Benjamin Barber and Patrick Watson *Struggle for Democracy*—without success; **Herbert London** provides a few tips. . . . While illuminating the moral crisis of the age, Charles Colson's *Against the Night* is short on scholarship and long on cliché, sighs **Brad Miner**. . . . Poets may be the first teachers of mankind, but the dishonest instruction of the *Dead Poets Society* annoys **John Simon**. . . . Holy GOP! Batman, a Republican? **Martin Sieff**'s no Joker! . . . "All that glisters is not gold": Dustin Hoffman's Shylock fails to deliver his pound of flesh; **Eva Resnikova** wants her ducats back. . . . Cartoonist Jules Feiffer zings his fellow liberals sympathetically, conservatives rather less so; know thine enemy, advises **D. Keith Mano.**

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Cover illustration by Joseph Borzotta

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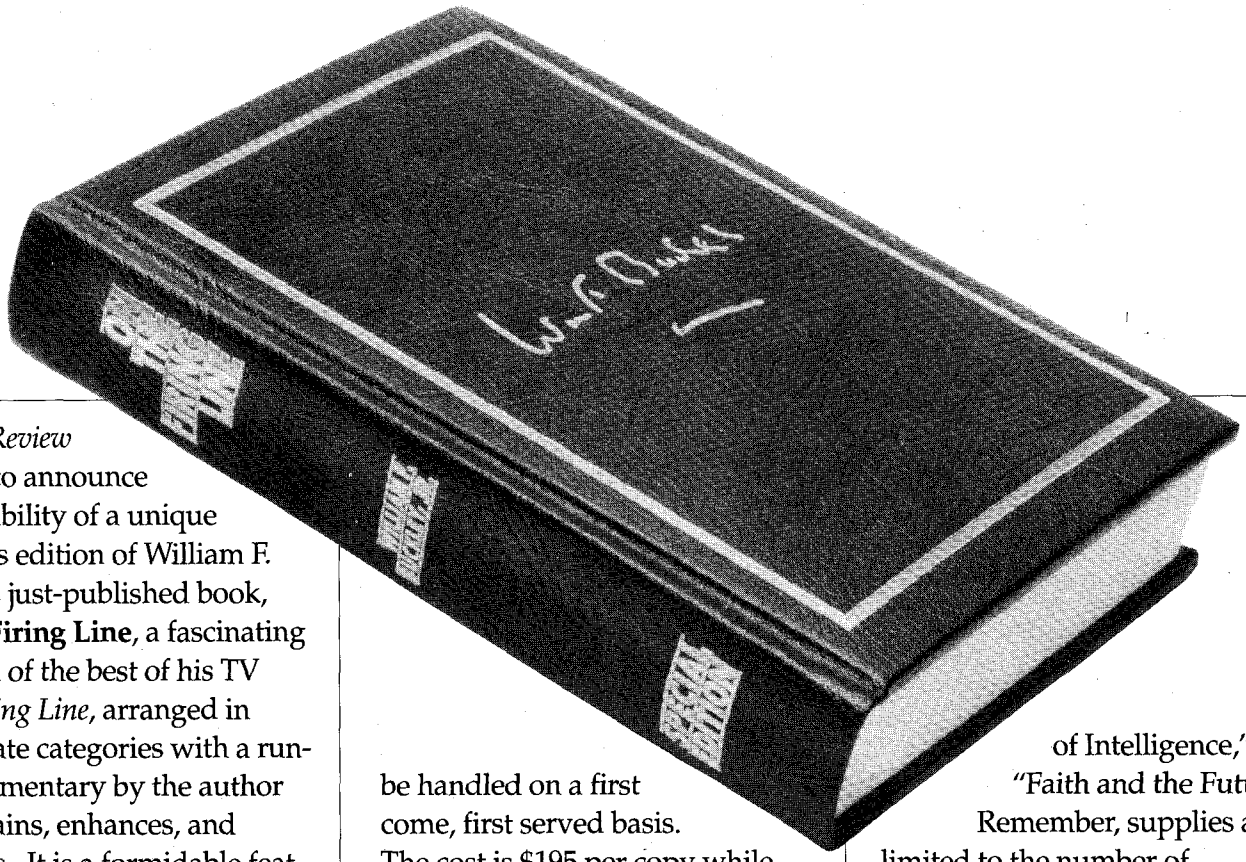

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LETTERS

Savimbi's for Real

Radek Sikorski, NATIONAL REVIEW's "roving correspondent," in his August 18 story, "The Mystique of Savimbi," has led your readers far astray.

Apparently denied the opportunity for a personal interview with Jonas Savimbi, and seemingly piqued by the treatment he received from freedom-fighter personnel, Sikorski regurgitated anti-Savimbi propaganda which has been comprehensively and specifically rebutted elsewhere.

For example, Sikorski says that "Brigadier Tito Chingunji, who was UNITA's representative in Washington and helped to get Savimbi into the White House, is said to have been tortured and held in Jamba against his will . . . Chingunji's nephew alleges that almost the entire family has been wiped out in Savimbi's vendetta . . . and Tito himself was lured back to Jamba only because UNITA held his wife. Members of the UNITA politburo repeatedly evaded my requests to see him."

During a visit to Jamba on March 13 and 14, I had the opportunity to meet privately with Chingunji and joined him in a lengthy meeting with UNITA President Savimbi and members of his cabinet. Chingunji, with whom I had worked closely during his U.S. tour, went out of his way to give me a detailed factual rebuttal of the unsubstantiated allegations to which Sikorski made reference.

Sikorski seems particularly upset by the extraordinary regard in which Jonas Savimbi is held by his countrymen. Having been privileged to see the UNITA president in action on a number of occasions during the past decade, I do not find this adulation to be at all surprising or discomforting. Indeed, if he were constitutionally eligible, Jonas Savimbi would be my candidate for President of the United States.

I have no doubt whatsoever concerning the essentials of Jonas Savimbi's ideology. He is an Angolan patriot and a committed Christian who has put his life on the line to secure liberty and independence for himself and his countrymen.

As Dr. Savimbi told a freedom-fighter assembly in 1985: "We will not become a part of the Soviet empire, nor will we be among the enslaved nations . . . The West has asked questions for which there are no answers. There is no time to answer them. However, the day that UNITA holds the government in Luanda, the West will be happy. . . . Nobody will expel us from Angola. We are a people who, abandoned in 1976 by everybody except the enemy, have today liberated one-third of our country . . . Inferior peoples are those who cannot defend their own history . . . but the people who, after being abandoned by everybody, regain their will, march, struggle, die, shed blood, and now know they can win, these people are not inferior . . . We are a people everyone can be proud of."

Howard Phillips
Chairman
The Conservative Caucus
Vienna, Va.

Mr. Sikorski Replies

I wish Mr. Phillips were right about UNITA and Savimbi. As a refugee from Communist oppression myself I wanted nothing more than to encourage those who have resisted Soviet and Cuban imperialism for so long.

Partly because of UNITA's secretiveness, it is indeed difficult to obtain conclusive proof of what goes on inside it, which was why I scrupulously attributed the allegations of human-rights abuses to defectors from UNITA: well placed to know and, I believe, reliable. In the letter to a friend in Britain in which Brigadier Chingunji hints at his imprisonment in Jamba, he also refers to conversations he and his friend had had about human-rights abuses in UNITA and ways of preventing them in the future, with the request that his friend drop the attempt to reform the organization. Why would UNITA's senior official scheme with a foreigner to do something about abuses in UNITA if these were totally non-existent? The letter was written before the allegations were revealed in the press and therefore before UNITA might have leaned on Chingunji to disguise his position from journalists in Jamba. A copy has been passed on to the CIA and presumably exists on file.

Reality defies UNITA's pretense of Christian, democratic, free-market values. As Mr. Phillips mentions, UNITA in general and Savimbi in particular are supposed to be committed to Christianity. In the ten weeks I spent in Angola, not one of the thousands of troops I saw

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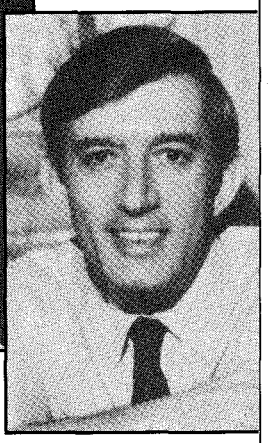
James Kilpatrick



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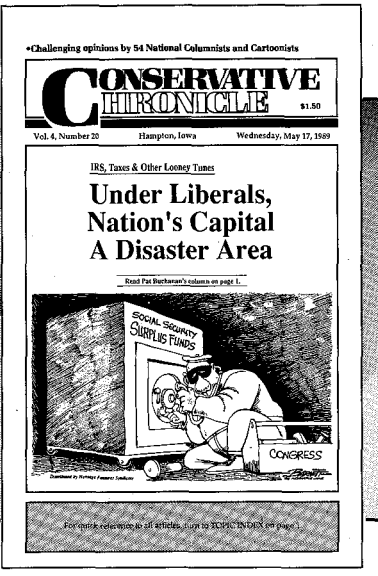
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ever prayed; I did not see a single church, one priest, one grave marked with a cross—excluding the Jamba showplace, naturally. No unit had a chaplain to minister to the wounded and the dying, and funerals were not Christian but according to a Savimbi-prescribed lay ritual. In short, I saw no trace of Christian practice in UNITA, but rats with slit throats would mysteriously turn up in a hut in the midst of our camp—a sure indication that witchcraft is alive and thriving. UNITA defectors had told me before I set off: "Savimbi is an atheist; his Christianity is a pretense to fool the American Right." I am now convinced that this is indeed so.

Let us by all means back Savimbi for as long as it suits us. But he is no more a democrat than Mao or Castro, and no amount of his rhetoric will alter the fact that he runs autocratically a highly centralized, Leninist organization.

There is only one way to find out the truth. I hereby wager Mr. Phillips a magnum of Bollinger that if Savimbi ever gains power in Luanda he will never voluntarily give it up.

Radek Sikorski
London, England

[*An exchange between Mr. Sikorski and Jardo Muekalia, UNITA's chief representative to the United States, is forthcoming.* —ED.]

Marketing the Ozone

As a research and clinical dermatologist especially interested in the evaluation and testing of sunscreening agents, I have tried to evaluate as much information as I can about the ozone layer.

I fully agree with Fred Singer ["My Adventures in the Ozone Layer," June 30] that the ozone scare might not, indeed, be a "problem" after all. As far as I can tell from all known facts, the "hole" over the Antarctic is a natural phenomenon, probably caused by shifting winds, and has always been present during specific times of the year. We have no final information that chlorofluorocarbons are responsible at all. There are strong data that volcanic eruptions such as Mount St. Helens caused more difficulty to the ozone than any other phenomenon in many years.

Needless to say, none of this matters whenever I discuss the problem with fellow scientists. The vast majority of dermatologists believe that the ozone is being depleted and skin cancer is markedly on the rise. We will not only have UVB sunscreens, but UVA screens are already on the market; and I suspect "ozone-depletion sunscreens" will be the next marketing ploy.

No one has addressed the issue that the ozone might be depleted in lower elevations, but that it still is evident higher up—well between us and the sun.

Marvin Rapaport, MD
Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Novel, Not the Steak

I am glad to see that you have printed another of my limericks ["help!" Aug. 4], but I fear that whoever took the capitals away from the phrase "Porterhouse Blue" and titled the limerick "Good Red Meat" has completely misconstrued it.

The poem, you see, is not about a rare steak at all. It alludes to the novel *Porterhouse Blue* by the British satirist Tom Sharpe, about the most archconservative, tradition-bound, luxury-loving college at Cambridge, one Porterhouse College. The title phrase is a code word for a stroke brought on by overindulgence; the fellows of the college consid-

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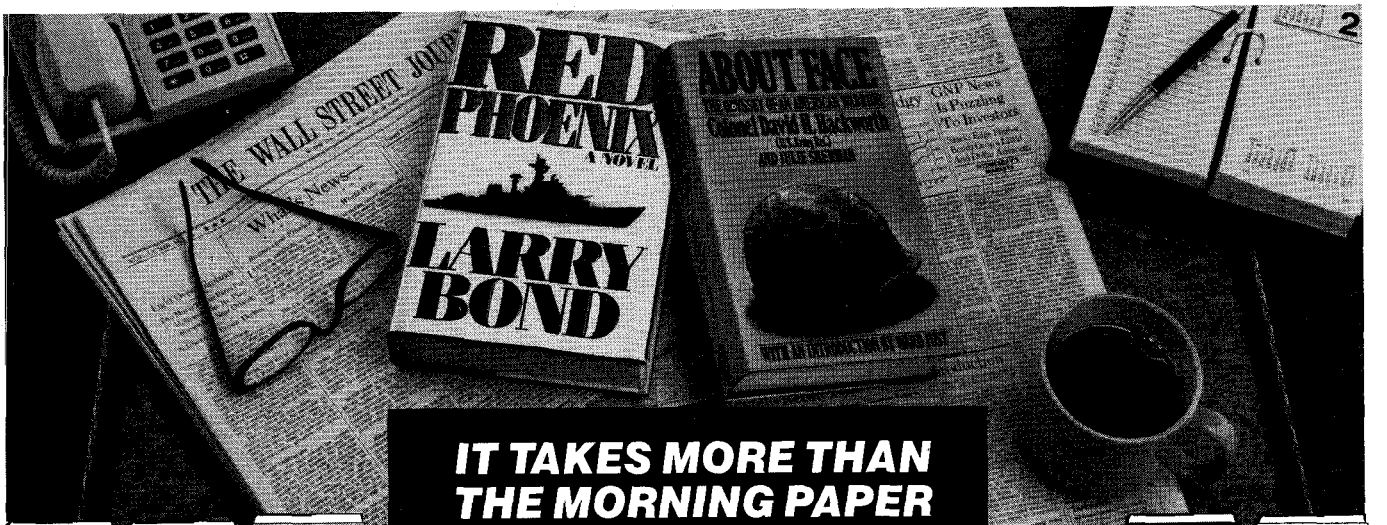

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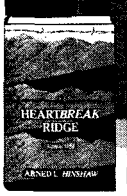

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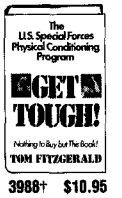

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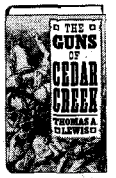

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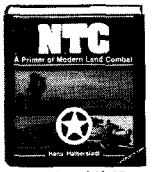

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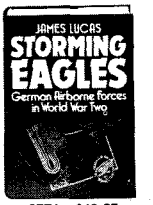

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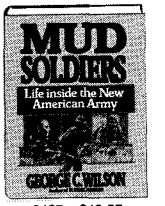

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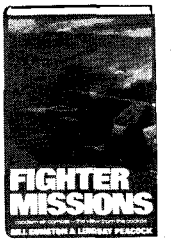

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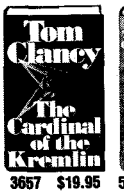

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er it the supreme honor to die of one.

I realize the novel is not very well known (although a TV serial based on it, and bearing the same title, has been broadcast on various PBS stations). But I thought that if any magazine in the U.S. would understand the reference, *NR* would be the one.

Miles David Moore
Alexandria, Va.

For the Record

According to "For the Record" [July 14], if L. Douglas Wilder wins election in Virginia, "he will be the nation's first black governor." Perhaps the first *elected* black governor was meant.

P. B. S. Pinchback, a black man, served as governor of Louisiana in 1872-1873. As lieutenant governor, he succeeded to the governorship upon the removal from office of his predecessor, who was impeached and convicted of bribery.

Although Governor Pinchback's term of office was only 36 days, he still bears the distinction of being the nation's first black governor.

John A. Zodrow
Cudahy, Wis.

Pity the Pope

Pity the Pope. He doesn't understand the wonders of "democratic capitalism"; how dense of him. Essays like John Gray's "The Last Socialist?" [June 30], berating John Paul II for not being sufficiently appreciative of "the system that has brought prosperity and liberty to Western Europe, North America, and, increasingly, the Far East," are a staple of so-called conservative literature these days. Won't someone buy the Pontiff a round-trip ticket to the Sherman Oaks Galleria and put an end to all of this?

It is not the Pope's job, nor that of the Catholic Church or any religion, to bless any particular economic or political system, no matter how much we who live in it may be dazzled by the cornucopia of microwave ovens and VCRs it produces. The Church "tries to get along with any form of government that does not set itself up as a religion," Flannery O'Connor wrote in a letter explaining why Popes have denounced the Marxist Soviet Union but not, say, Franco's Spain or Constantine's Constantinople.

Now that Marxism is a dead letter among all but a few diehard academics and Third World tyrants, there exists what I call the "Marxist vacuum." Rushing to fill it is a flock of new ideologues, enthusiastic cheerleaders for "liberal democracy." These folks have appended onto or read into liberal democracy all the salient traits of Marxism: internationalism (a "global" world without borders), historicism (there's an unstoppable "wave" of democracy everywhere), utopianism (the itch to smash all that is old and create a new, homogenized social order), disdain for the otherworldly, opium-of-the-people components of religion, and, above all, materialism. Like Marxists, the Marxist-vacuum crowd believes that morality is merely a by-product of being comfortably off.

The most troubling feature of these folks is their desire, mirroring that of the Marxists, to steamroll everyone who does not agree with their rosy views, including such true conservatives as the Pope. In their world, there are just two systems, socialism and capitalism. If you don't like socialism, you'd better root for capitalism, says Gray, and if you're not shaking the pom-poms for capitalism, you're a socialist.

As the Pope can see very well, market capitalism is a deeply problematic system that, although it fosters tolerance, does not foster the religious life. Market capitalism fosters cold calculation and trips to Bloomingdale's. "Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven," said Christ. He was not kidding; there is a full array of sins for the middle class to commit just as there is a full array for the dirt-poor. Furthermore, capitalism, although it tends to make everyone better off, is exceedingly tough on losers. As a utilitarian system, it has no interest in the individual fates of those who get left behind in the competition. That is where Christian charity demands that we make room for the poor, even if they deserve to be poor, even if they are disgusting, even if they would be better off forced to stand on their own two feet.

The Church doesn't have to exhort people to make money, just as she doesn't have to exhort people to have good sex. The Church does not condemn people who start businesses, employing their fellows, pleasing their customers, and feeding their families. She just tells entrepreneurs, as she tells the rest of us, to watch out for their immortal souls. For the Church calls on all of us, not just to be good citizens but to be saints, to be uneasy in this world that is not our home, to wear hairshirts under our power suits. After all, we broke God's commandment in Eden, and we killed His Son. We are not supposed to sit around smugly telling ourselves how wonderful we are, and neither is the Pope.

Charlotte Low Allen
Insight
Washington, D.C.

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FOR THE RECORD

Right-to-work has become critical issue in one of the two gubernatorial races this year. In Virginia, Republican candidate **Marshall Coleman** is challenging Democrat **Douglas Wilder** on the issue. Coleman supported Democratic Gov. **Gerald Baliles**'s decision to call out the troops in a coal-field disturbance; Wilder skirted the issue. . . . Coleman—who led 43 to 39 per cent in most recent Mason-Dixon poll—will get assist from **Ronald Reagan** next month. Reagan is scheduled to campaign both for Coleman in Virginia and for Rep. **Jim Courter** in New Jersey. Courter trails Democratic Rep. **Jim Florio** in battle to replace retiring Republican Gov. **Tom Kean**. Abortion and HUD are major issues in New Jersey, with Courter backing away from his right-to-life stance since the *Webster* decision. Florio leads Courter in the polls. . . . Republican **Bob Lanier** ran first in special election for **Jim Wright**'s seat in Texas, with 39.4 per cent of the vote to 31.8 per cent for Democrat **Pete Geren**. But there'll be a runoff Sept. 12, and the odds are with Geren in Wright's heavily Democratic district. . . . Looking to next year, Democratic Sen. **Howell Heflin** could be in bad trouble with his black Alabama constituents for voting against **Bush** appointee **William Lucas**, a black attorney, in recent Judiciary Committee hearings. Heflin's vote prevented Lucas's name from going to Senate floor. Back home in Alabama he is being blasted by powerful local black civil-rights leaders, Montgomery City Council member **Joe L. Reed** and State Rep. **Alvin Holmes**. Said Holmes of Heflin: "He doesn't think Bill Lucas is qualified to be assistant attorney general, and I don't think he's qualified to be U.S. senator." And in answer to charge that Lucas was too inexperienced to hold office, he added: "**Martin Luther King** didn't have a black belt in civil rights when he desegregated the Montgomery bus system a generation ago." Heflin, incidentally, was key to the switch of Southern senators away from **Robert Bork** in *his* confirmation hearings. . . . Polls show that if former Washington, D.C., police chief **Maurice Turner**, another Democrat-turned-Republican, runs against Mayor **Marion Barry** next year, he could beat him. . . . In 1990 senatorial races, **Fritz Mondale** has bowed out in Minnesota, and former Gov. **Jim Hunt** in North Carolina, clearing the way for easier campaigns by Republican Sens. **Rudy Boschwitz** and **Jesse Helms**.

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Ollie North, Community Service, ma'am. Fix anything."

It's not been all beer and skittles for Hard Left recently. First there was IPS's **Saul Landau** emitting a blast at his old pal **Fidel Castro**. . . . Now **Marc Cooper** is questioning the future of the Sandinistas in pages of superliberal *Village Voice*. Nicaragua's economic collapse, he says, "has brought into question not only the political future of Nicaragua, but also the direction, values, and foundations of the revolution." . . . A group of foreign economists, surveying the situation in Nicaragua at the request of the government, found that consumption of goods and services has fallen 70 per cent in the ten years of Sandinista rule. . . . Cuban sources in Miami say the reason Fidel passed up **Danny Ortega**'s tenth-anniversary party was that he feared a military coup in his absence. . . . Outgoing U.S. Customs Commissioner **William von Raab**—a man who does not mince words—believes Castro himself was deeply involved in drug trade for which Gen. **Arnaldo Ochoa Sánchez** and three aides were recently executed. Castro, he told a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "is another piece of narco trash floating in the Caribbean. He has turned to the United States for a life preserver. I feel we should throw him an anchor." . . . On another Left front, NOW president **Molly Yard** has come out in favor of Red China's population-control methods, which include forced abortions. "I consider the Chinese government's policy among the most intelligent in the world."

Iron Curtain Notes: **Vytautas Landsbergis**, head of the Lithuanian Reform Movement, has called for the withdrawal of Russian "occupying forces" from Lithuania. . . . In recent Hungarian poll, Russians emerged as least, Americans as most popular. . . . NBC News is closing its Paris bureau, will open one in Budapest to cover Eastern European developments, says division president **Michael G. Gartner**. . . . At a European-unity-day picnic in Hungary last week, over three hundred East Germans escaped through an open gate into Austria. Hungarian MTI News Agency reported that the Hungarian border guards could have stopped the East Germans only by using weapons: "However, they decided not to use weapons or force," or, in fact, to close the gate. . . . This may be why East Germany will require visas for those of its citizens wishing to visit Hungary after September 30.

Now-you-see-it-now-you-don't headline in *Washington Post*, Aug. 21: "COMMUNISTS WANT LARGER ROLE IN POLISH CABINET."

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THE WEEK

☐ President Bush has finally given Armand Hammer the pardon he's been craving for his illegal 1972 contributions to the Nixon campaign. Well, why not. That donation was probably the only pardonable thing Hammer ever did.

☐ Okay, Poland. You're doing fine so far. But we'll believe it's for real when you have a wave of McCarthyism.

☐ And don't try to tell us there aren't any Communists in the Polish State Department.

☐ In all the eulogies of Mickey Leland, it's possible to catch a few discordant notes. We learn, for example, that he was on friendly terms with two of the world's most ruthless rulers, Fidel Castro and Mengistu Haile-Mariam. Indeed his warm relations with Mengistu are hard to square with his evident concern for Mengistu's victims, the Ethiopians against whom the Communist regime deployed the classic Communist domestic H-bomb, systematic starvation. Leland, who could speak to white South Africans with fearful bellicosity, never connected the nature of the Ethiopian government with the dismal fate of its subjects. On at least one occasion he identified himself as a "Marxist," a designation borne out by his pattern of voting and acting. It would be interesting to know (though we are unlikely to) whether Leland ever had private second thoughts about Marxism, or whether it occurred to him, as he ministered to the misery of Ethiopia, that the victims of Communism might have gladly changed places with the victims of apartheid.

☐ If Richard Wigton of Kidder, Peabody had been a Communist he would today be a civil-liberties hero. Arrested and marched out of his office in handcuffs two years ago, this 59-year-old man lost his job, lived under a cloud, and spent a small fortune in legal fees. Oh yes, it turns out the federal prosecutors had no case. They plainly hoped to intimidate Wigton into pleading guilty but failed. The matter has now been dropped. But what about a groveling apology to Wigton? And how about canning some of these prosecutors, who seem so indifferent and arrogant about the misery they cause the innocent? The voters of New York City have the opportunity to do just that, since the man who brought the indictment, Rudolph Giuliani, then U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York, is a leading candidate for mayor.

☐ The FBI and the CIA link Dr. Orlando Bosch to terrorist bombings in the U.S. and throughout Central and South America, and wish to deport him—to Cuba. Cuban-Americans, particularly in Miami, defend his activities because they were aimed against Fidel Castro. Ileana Ros-Lehtinen, the Republican candidate for Congress in Miami, is lobbying President Bush, who will soon be campaigning on her behalf, to rescind the Justice Department's deportation order. It appears that some in the Administration think sending Bosch to Havana is a gesture that may induce Castro to aid the U.S. in its "War on Drugs"—especially since we have also declared war on terrorism. Being tough on terrorism, however, doesn't mean sending the man to Cuba, where he will no doubt have to dodge a firing squad to stay alive—and then be tried. The U.S. would be an accomplice in judicial murder. If we know the man is guilty, let's weigh the options: find a country to which Bosch can be deported and *justly* tried—or try him in the United States.

☐ You would never know it from watching the body count on the nightly news in Washington, D.C., but the nation's capital has banned handguns for the past 13 years, during which time the city's homicide rate has shot up 121 per cent, according to the FBI's latest annual crime report. Washington's rate is all the more shocking when set against the murder rate for the rest of the country, which fell 5 per cent over the

Meanwhile, in America . . .

While Warsaw swings, and Budapest
Ignores East Germans fleeing west
To fields of clover,
The KGB, with spies in tow,
Sneaks in as if it didn't know
The cold war's over.

W. H. VON DREELE

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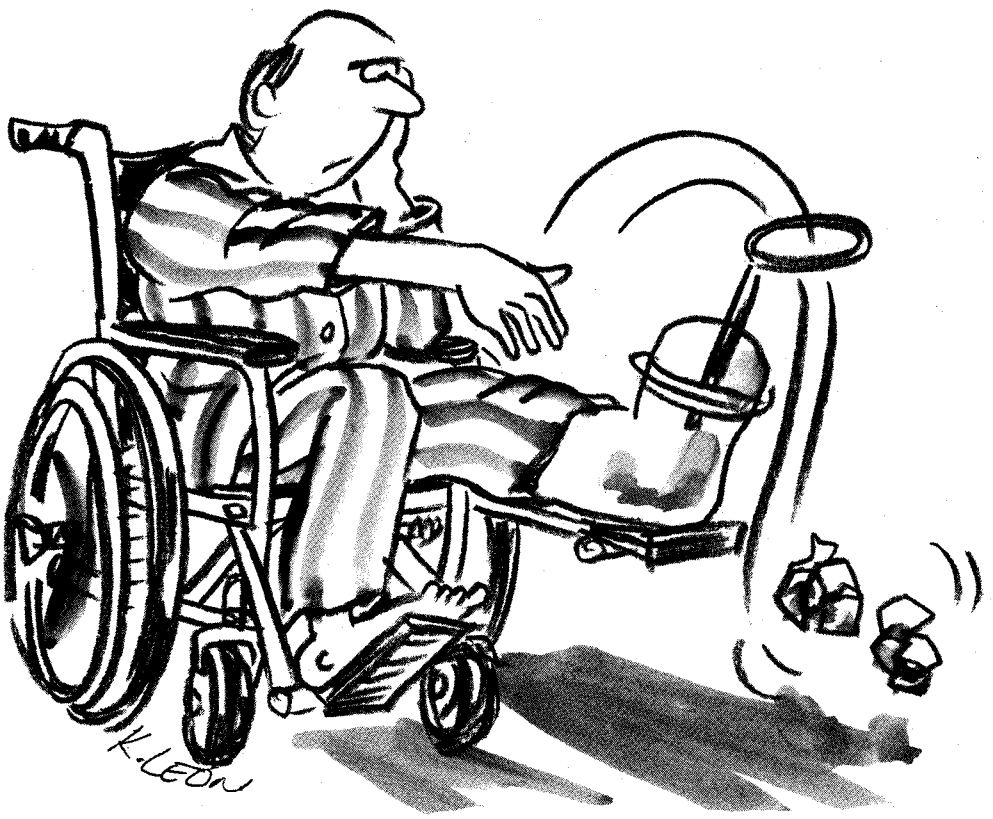
What would several months in this position do to your financial position?



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same period. The National Rifle Association reports that of the twenty metropolitan areas with the highest homicide rates, 14 either ban or license guns or require background checks. No wonder Carl Rowan packs a .22.

☐ When Nissan announced the opening of its car and truck assembly plant at Smyrna, Tennessee, six years ago, 100,000 people applied for three thousand jobs. Company psychologists screened the applicants for their willingness to cooperate with management, to adhere to the Japanese custom of putting the company's interests above their own. Apparently the screening process worked well, because in a secret-ballot election this summer 1,622 plant workers rejected representation by the UAW and only 622 voted for the union. Union membership has been on the skids for years in this country, with the percentage of American workers enrolled falling from 36 in 1956 to only 18 in 1986. Increased management opposition is the usually cited reason, although employee dissatisfaction at what unions have done for (or to) them surely has played a role. Whatever the cause, one thing is clear: those of us who have attributed to unions many of our national economic problems—ranging from unemployment to wage inflation to our inability to compete internationally—will have to find a new culprit. Unless they have a remarkable renaissance, we won't have the unions to kick around any more.

☐ The Chinese government, having decided that killing fractious students was not enough, now plans to require college graduates to spend a year or two working on farms before entering graduate school. Many of the students, a party official said, "are very arrogant. This will be good for them, by teaching them how most Chinese people live." But they already *know* that; that's why they're fractious.

☐ As Brent Bozell and Brent Baker demonstrate this issue (p. 37), *Time* is now in the opinion business, pushing a vague, voguish, left-liberal agenda, hostile to the George Bush we voted for. *Time*'s August 21 cover story, by Michael Duffy, might seem to disprove this thesis, as it is a hymn to the President's "cautious, calibrated style," a demeanor "more circumspect than the sometimes loopy, arm-flapping creature of the campaign trail," his boldness in "flout[ing] the bureaucracy" on behalf of arms cuts, his "highly structured decision-making process" for domestic issues (copied from the *Ford* Administration), etc. The highlight of the piece is lavish praise for his work on the clean-air bill. But *Time* hasn't forgotten the stick for the carrot: "Bush may have less to fear from critics [other than *Time*?] than from his sly habit of promising big things but providing few dollars for the tasks." And as the deficit sinks slowly in the West, *Time* marches left.

☐ "Crippled nuclear submarine poses no danger, Soviets say," read the headline over a *New York Times* wire story. Then cripple them all, say we.

☐ Rome's new seat-belt law includes fifty pages of technical explanations.

☐ No, we weren't at Woodstock, but our editor-in-chief *did* attend Malcolm Forbes's seventieth birthday party, and thanks for asking.

Solidarity's Glorious Game

TIANANMEN SQUARE demonstrated for all the world to see the brutality with which Communists react when Communism itself is at stake. Communism is the wave of the future, we were taught for years, and once installed could never be overthrown except by external force. The boundaries of the West were negotiable, but never the boundaries of the Communist empire. That was what Leonid Brezhnev proclaimed in 1968—21 years ago last week—after the suppression of Czechoslovakia's attempt to move toward "Communism with a human face." What is once socialist is always socialist, Brezhnev told the world, and the world seemed to accept this new Communist gospel.

But that was yesterday. The Brezhnev Doctrine is, today, being put to the test for the first time from within, in Poland, where a Communist president, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, last week named Tadeusz Mazowiecki, a non-Communist Catholic intellectual, prime minister. And he did so without a growl from Moscow.

Solidarity has played its hand with astonishing adroitness since the June elections that stripped all pretense of legitimacy from the Polish Communist Party. To be sure, Jaruzelski remains commander-in-chief of the nation, with the power to fire the prime minister, dismiss parliament, and declare martial law. Mazowiecki will name Communists to the Defense and Interior Ministries—permitting the Party to continue in charge of the army and the police—and perhaps to another ministry or two as well. All this was decided with an eye to Moscow, in order not to provoke Gorbachev to move against Poland—which in any case, for reasons of his own, he is disinclined to do. Such a move would bring down the whole house of cards—the vision of the new Soviet Russia—that Gorbachev's own fate depends upon keeping in place, so on this score Poland's new leaders may feel relatively safe.

The irony of a Catholic intellectual assuming control of an atheistic state has not escaped the press, but there has been precious little attention paid to the degree to which Poland's newfound freedoms are owed

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to the relative freedom of the Church. For what has made Poland different from all other Communist nations is the public role of the Church: its press, its hospitals, even its university at Lublin, all of which assumed immense importance because they were institutional oases amid the totalitarian desert.

This is just a beginning. The difficulties facing Mazowiecki and Solidarity are awesome: the dismantling of the Party's forty-year-old penetration into the interstices of every element of Polish life, save the Church. The bureaucrats will fight tooth and nail not so much in defense of Communist orthodoxy but to protect their own privileged position in the state. The stability of the intellectual and worker strands of the Solidarity movement that has brought about today's extraordinary turn of events is bound to weaken as those elements reach for position and power. Poland's economic problems are gigantic, and its new leaders are short on the kind of sophisticated political and economic expertise necessary to solve them.

Poland's new, non-Communist leadership will be turning to the West for help of every sort, for infusions of capital, of hardware, of management skills. In the détente of the Seventies, millions, billions even, were poured into Poland, a transfusion that resulted only in further entrenching the inept and corrupt Party bureaucracy. Any new help should go, not to the government, but to those forces and institutions in Poland that understand that only through privatization, a free market, and the right to own property can Poland truly be reconstructed.

Poland may not make it. But what it has already achieved is glorious: it has demonstrated to the millions still suffering under Communist domination in Eastern Europe and Asia that freedom is attainable. This Polish joke is on those other fellows, Lenin's and Stalin's successors in crime.

Mr. Bennett's War

AFTER MONTHS of pondering his choice of weapons, William Bennett, the director of federal drug policy, has grasped the stick of law, rather than the carrot of treatment.

Bennett's recommendations represent a break with the policies of the Reagan Administration, which emphasized interdiction and helping foreign governments crack down on their countries' drug production. This strategy was like containing a tornado by building a fence around it, and Bennett has abandoned it. His focus instead is on the user and the low-level seller at home. He proposes to deal with them mainly by arresting them: he wants the federal prison budget more than doubled. States would be pressured to revoke the driver's licenses of drug users, and the Federal Government would resume drug-testing of employees.

Spending on treatment and education would go up too, though at a slower rate than the prison budget. This confirmed the worst fears of some liberals. "We need the drug czar to show us what works with demand," Representative Charles Rangel said before Bennett's plan was announced, "not just to tell us to arrest more pushers." Liberals support the anti-drug crusade, at least rhetorically, and they support toughness so long as it is toughness directed against "right-wing drug lords" (preferably the Contras, though General Noriega will do in a pinch). In the case of anyone humbler, the will to compassion takes over.

Conservatives suspicious of Bennett's critics should not ignore, however, the weaknesses of his own approach.

Bennett says that the goal of his plan is to cut the number of drug users in half in ten years. He may do it, since the number of users is declining already. In 1985, nearly 8 per cent of 18-to-25-year-olds used cocaine. As of last year, just over 4 per cent did. What's rising is hard-core addiction. Bennett's drug-testing and license-revoking may speed along the temperance trend among casual middle-class users—people susceptible to such inducements. The crackheads will still be out there.

So, therefore, will the criminals. The drug problem is actually two problems, a drug problem and a crime problem, the latter caused by the turf wars of suppliers and the addicts' need to support their habit. Doubling the number of prison beds is unlikely to provide a serious disincentive for either of these groups. Bennett has joked about beheading pushers. Yet even the electric chair, which was used much more often during the Twenties than now, did not deter Prohibition-era gangsters.

There is the question of cost—not now, but down the road. So long as the evils remain, the automatic response will be to come back for more money—and more and more. Bennett unwisely paved the way when he declared, "Crack is worse than taxes" (although he qualified the remark). Cracks like that can be worse than crack. Once a program gets going, the demand for it almost never diminishes.

Off-Budget Items

Sick S&Ls are two-thirds off,
  And if we had the nerve
To handle Stealth and Martian trips
  Off budget, we'd preserve
The fiction that our candle burns
  At one end only, though
The President should be apprised
  Of Edgar Allan Poe.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Headline writers, when they tire of calling Bennett a "czar," refer to his "war on drugs." But war is just what Bennett's fight is not. War is an enterprise with defined goals. Retake the Falklands. Defend South Vietnam. Defeat Hitler. Sometimes it works, sometimes it fails, but you can always tell the difference. The "war on drugs," like the "war on poverty," is amorphous, potentially limitless. The brightest member of Bush's Cabinet may rue the day he took it on.

Missed Opportunity

PRESIDENT BUSH'S decision not to submit a recess appointment of William Lucas as head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division represents an opportunity lost at several levels. The recess-appointment power is one of those executive prerogatives lately fallen into disuse that could assist considerably in reasserting executive authority. Expressly granted the President by Article II of the Constitution, this authority enables him, in the face of an intransigent or dilatory Congress, to make temporary appointments during legislative recesses (such as occurred during August) to fill vacancies unacted upon by the Senate. Such appointments are effective, even without the advice and consent of the Senate, through the end of the succeeding session of Congress (in this case through 1990). As President Tyler's Attorney General observed, "The Senate has no constitutional right to create an interregnum of the government."

As a result of vague threats from Senate leaders such as Robert Byrd and George Mitchell, however, Presidents Reagan and Bush have refrained from exercising this important weapon in the executive branch's constitutional arsenal. There is little evidence of congressional Democrats refraining similarly from exercising the full scope of their legislative prerogatives. Indeed, they have persistently intruded upon legitimate executive authority with, among other things, independent counsels, micro-management by congressional committee, and omnibus spending bills.

To illustrate the point, in one critical area—the judiciary—American Presidents from Washington to Carter (a slippery slope if ever there was one) made well over three hundred recess appointments of judges to the federal bench. Included among these were such luminaries as Justices Earl Warren and William Brennan, Judges Thurgood Marshall, Frank Johnson, and Griffin Bell, and nearly one-quarter of all of President Kennedy's judicial appointees. Since 1980, by contrast, despite an often-hostile Senate and unprecedented confirmation delays, Presidents Reagan and Bush have not made a single such judicial appointment.

It is by no means fanciful to imagine how useful the threat of a recess appointment might be when next the Senate deliberates on a Bush nominee who jeopardizes the sacred "balance" of the Supreme Court. The recess appointment of William Lucas would have nicely alerted all concerned that this President intends to define his authority by the four corners of James Madison's Constitution, and not by what is acceptable to Senator Mitchell. In short, a recess appointment would have been an ideal way for President Bush to respond to the growing concern among his strongest supporters that his Administration is excessively disinclined to draw the line of battle between itself and the Congress.

On the Other Hand . . .

THE HOSTAGE CRISIS is over. No, nothing's changed since the murder of Marine Lieutenant Colonel William R. Higgins by the Shiite terror group Hezbollah. The 16 other Western hostages are still held captive, Beirut is still being bombed daily by the Syrians, and Colonel Higgins is still . . . well . . . dead. But the "crisis" has ended simply because there is no longer any plausible threat of American retaliation.

The point here is that this does not indicate a lack of policy; it *is* policy. The evidence lies in the February 1986 report on terrorism issued by the task force George Bush chaired while serving under President Reagan. In the section "Managing Terrorist Incidents," the report takes the wraps off the secret weapon in the presidential arsenal: delay. "Sometimes," it says, "avoiding specific reactions until the circumstances are favorable is the best course."

To be sure, two paragraphs later this is qualified by the statement that America has "a clear policy of no concessions to terrorists as the best way to protect the greatest number of people." In the next breath, however, this is itself qualified with the explanation that, notwithstanding, the U.S. Government "will talk to everyone and use every available resource to gain the release of the American hostages." In short, the reason this document sailed through, drawing so little attention, is that it had something in it for everyone.

It is for this same reason that America still lacks a coherent policy on terrorism. When every action is

Touring Old Cathay

My college, Middlebury, wrote
  A note to all alums,
Inviting us to do The Wall
  This autumn with our chums;
The tone was very tactful, as
  Peking events required,
But my response suggested that
  The writer should be fired.

W. H. VON DREELE

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covered by an on-the-other-hand clause, decision will tend to elide into indecision. In the specific case at hand, by linking any military response to the fate of the hostage Joseph Cicippio, the White House has inadvertently established a threshold of loss of American life: the execution of one American is permissible but the execution of two is not. Whatever the gains that may result from the changes in the Iranian government—and it's not entirely clear that Hezbollah will go along with whatever Mr. Rafsanjani says—this is a dangerous precedent to establish in a dangerous part of the world.

In explaining his rationale, President Bush has said, 'If there are any changes taking place, signals that are shifting, I don't want to miss a signal." But when Hezbollah released a video tape of an American Marine swinging from the end of a rope this too was a signal, a deliberate finger in the eye. It assumed, correctly as it turns out, that the Great Satan would not act, out of fear—fear for innocent American lives, but fear nonetheless. In such a situation the President's first task should be to send signals, not to worry about receiving them.

Disabling Rights

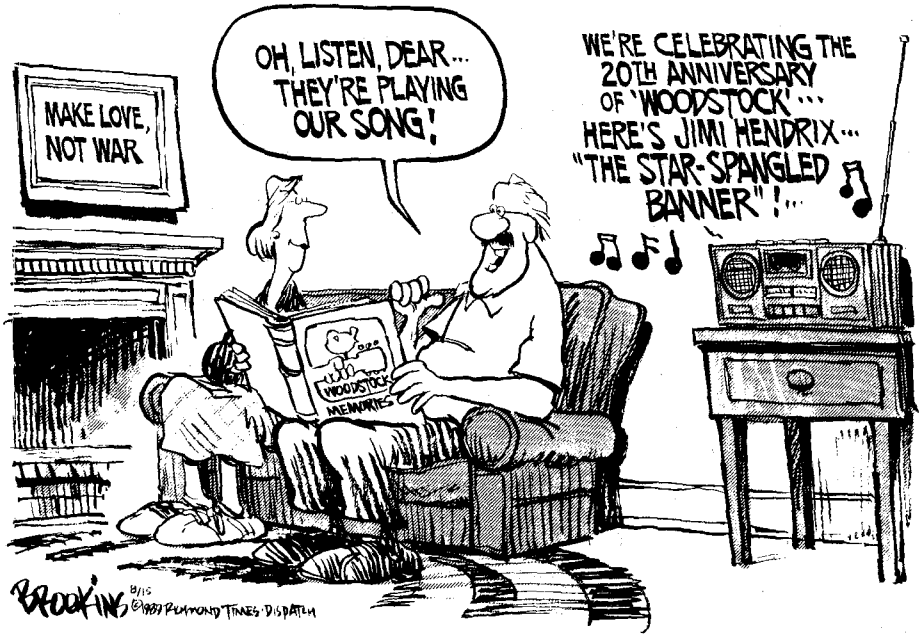
IF AMERICANS want an example of the price they will be paying for President Bush's bi-partisanship [see also "The Dodd Doctrine," p. 27], they need look no further than the Americans with Disabilities Act, which sailed through the Senate Labor Committee 16 to 0 after Committee Chairman Ted Kennedy agreed to a White House request to hold down some of the costs. Hailed as a civil-rights triumph—it is designed to ban discrimination against disabled people in the workplace—the bill will cost American business hundreds of millions of dollars in the coming years. AT&T, for example, estimates that the cost of adapting phone service for people with hearing problems will be between $250 and $300 million.

The problem is not only the cost; it's the concept. In addition to requiring businesses to build ramps and suchlike for the physically handicapped, it would include people with AIDS—and even carriers of the HIV virus—within the definition of disabled people who mustn't be discriminated against. Its sweeping mandate and vague language, moreover, guarantee that the real beneficiaries of the bill will be the lawyers who will be handling all the litigation over what exactly constitutes "reasonable" accommodation and what constitutes "undue hardship."

The cost of this will be borne by the American people in two ways: first, in the reduced competitiveness of American goods and services in world markets; second, in the costs directly passed on to consumers. The bill is expected to go to the Senate floor when Congress returns from its recess, and, because it has the President's blessing, few Republicans are going to risk getting attacked as anti-disabled. After eight years during which the tide of such open-ended commitments was held back, this bill is a worrisome sign that the floodgates are about to be thrown open again.

One Cheer for P. W. Botha?

P. W. BOTHA is not, shall we say, easily confused with Ronald Reagan. A stiff, unsmiling man given to high-handed unilateral decisions that alienated even his supporters, Botha, who resigned as State President of South Africa last week, certainly had no appeal outside Afrikaner political circles. And yet anyone who wants to see an end to apartheid (read: nearly everyone in the world) ought to be remembering today how very far down the road to dismantling that system Botha took his country. Over the last eight years or so, the ban on interracial marriage was repealed, the Jobs Reservation Act (which reserved certain jobs for whites only, and stated that a black could not be put in a supervisory position over a white) was repealed, and segregation of public facilities was largely eliminated. The last bastions of apartheid are housing and politics, and even there, there has been change, with "grey areas" (housing open to all races) first winked at and then ratified by law; and with the creation of new houses of parliament for coloreds and Indians, though not yet for blacks.


MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR
OH, LISTEN, DEAR... THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG!
WE'RE CELEBRATING THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF 'WOODSTOCK'... HERE'S JIMI HENDRIX... "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"!...
WOODSTOCK MEMORIES
BROOKINS

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About a year ago, as Botha's health was already being openly wondered about, and the probabilities of which of four men would succeed him openly discussed, he was working on a new offer to black leaders of (limited) national political participation. In the event, the offer was rejected; but the idea had entered the National Party bloodstream, and traces of it can be seen in the proposals made by Botha's successor, Acting President F. W. de Klerk.

Public opinion is not fair; and if the outside world needed a change of leadership from the dour Botha to the smiling de Klerk to believe in the possibility of peaceful change in South Africa—so be it. But we might still recognize that it was Botha who made de Klerk possible.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Confirmed but Not Bachelors?

ANDREW SULLIVAN urges (*The New Republic*, Aug. 28) that homosexuals be enabled to marry one another. His essay was prompted by a New York court's decision that let the survivor live in the rent-controlled apartment he had shared with his deceased lover, because the homosexual couple constituted a "family." Mr. Sullivan rightly objects to the court's flexible and arbitrary definition of "family." But his proposal is bizarre. It assumes that the New York rent-control laws will last forever and should be broadened to benefit homosexual cohabitants as well as widows.

Why should landlords forever be compelled to rent apartments at less than market prices to tenants or their heirs, of whatever sex? If one wants an apartment for a surviving lover one should buy one, just as one would buy a car for him or her. The benefit should be granted at one's own expense, not that of a landlord. Nor should pensions become available to a surviving homosexual partner, as Mr. Sullivan advocates. They were instituted to provide for children and widows incapable of earning a living. How does this apply to surviving homosexual lovers?

All societies have marriage, polygynous, polyandrous, monogamous, or serially polygamous (as with us). None, to my knowledge, has homosexual marriage. Ancient Greece and Rome did not, despite acceptance of homosexuality. Since there is no possibility of offspring, the major raison d'être for marriage is lacking. Homosexual marriage could serve only to morally legitimize a homosexual relationship. Indeed, this is what Mr. Sullivan aims at.

He sees other benefits as well: "[Homosexual marriage] would also in the wake of AIDS qualify as a general public-health measure." Hardly. Young homosexuals are far more promiscuous than their heterosexual coevals. How would marriage make them monogamous? On the other hand the few monogamous and stable homosexual couples do not need marriage to avoid promiscuity. Mr. Sullivan also argues that marriage would facilitate adoption by homosexual couples. Perhaps. There is no evidence, however, that such adoption would be consistent with the interests of the adoptees. The presumption is against it.

The "general social approval" of homosexual unions which Mr. Sullivan wants is neither possible nor desirable. Societies approve the values shared by the majority. A society that does not support and defend its widely shared values will lack the cohesion needed to function. Although willing to tolerate values they do not share and sexual relations they do not care for, most Americans are unwilling to grant "general social approval" to homosexual unions and to regard them as morally equal to heterosexual ones. No reason to deny homosexuals the right to practice privately, or to place them at a disadvantage when their homosexuality is irrelevant. But no reason either to give social sanction to their relationships any more than to polyandry. Most of us actually disapprove of homosexuality for religious, moral, traditional, or psychological reasons. We are entitled to our judgments. Wherefore we will not and should not institute homosexual marriage, or grant "general social approval" to homosexual unions. They are, and should remain, a private affair. —ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Take Us to Our Leader

DIVERS POLLS have shown that most Americans 1) oppose the Supreme Court's *Webster* ruling, 2) believe abortion is murder, 3) support a woman's right to choose, 4) are against abortion-for-convenience. Take your pick.

What a poll of the polls really shows is that it all depends on how you ask the question. Abortion is bad; nobody wants to be called "pro-abortion," including abortionists. "Choice" is good, and elicits positive responses. Majority opinion on the issue is confused and fluid.

When everything is up for grabs, the winning side is likely to be the one that projects moderation and manages to portray its opponents as "extremists." That's just what abortion advocates are doing, with a boost from the media. One might think that killing an unborn child was itself an extreme, but the major media have rarely, if ever, shown Mylai-style pictures of the victims around whom the controversy swirls. The impression is being rapidly created that *Webster* has somehow reversed the momentum of 16 years.

Among the first to panic and break ranks with the anti-abortion side was Congressman Jim Courter, now running as the Republican candidate for governor in

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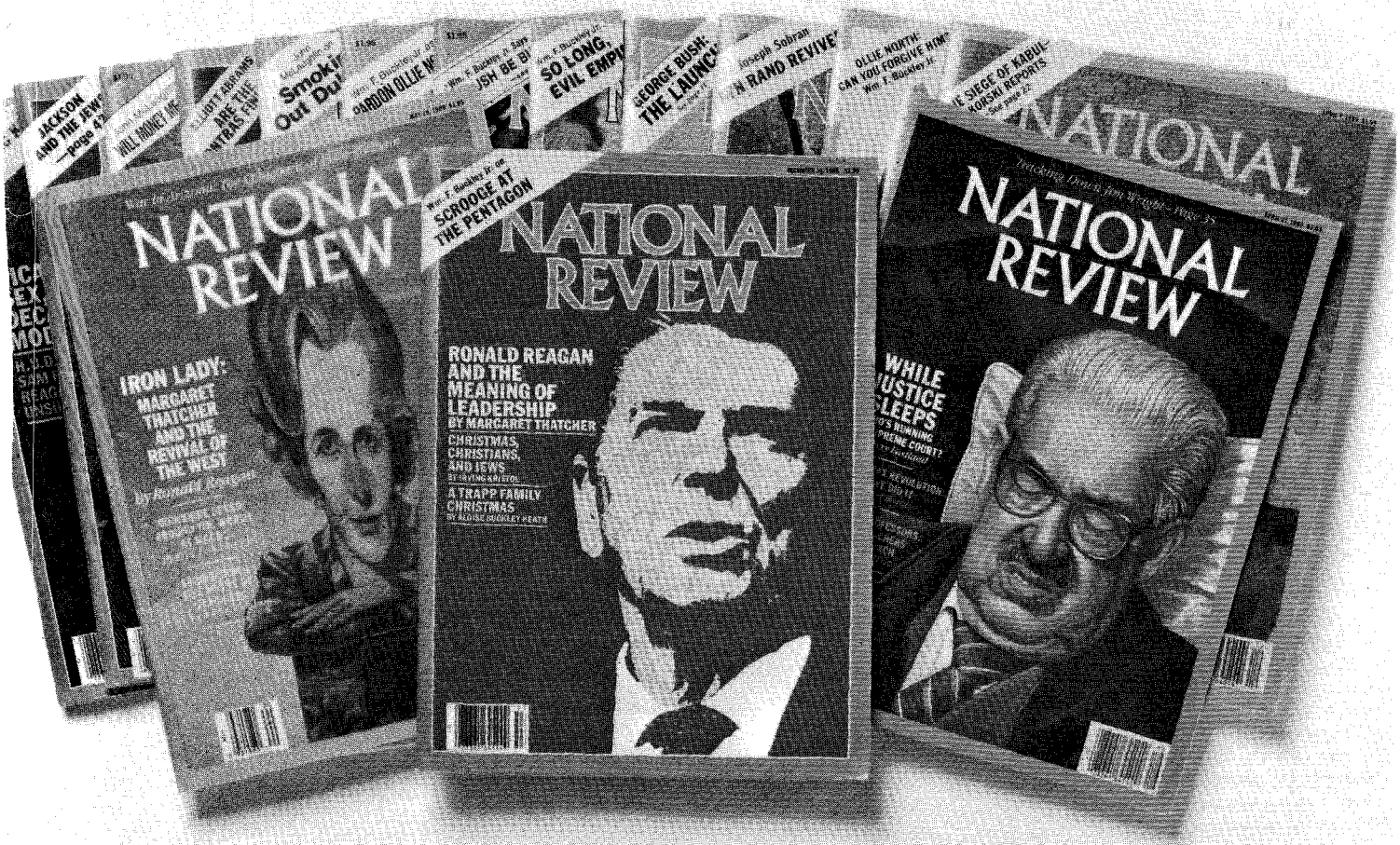
NATIONAL REVIEW
IRON LADY: MARGARET THATCHER AND THE REVIVAL OF THE WEST
NATIONAL REVIEW
RONALD REAGAN AND THE MEANING OF LEADERSHIP
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New Jersey. Abandoning his own solidly anti-abortion record, he's pledging not to push for a state constitutional amendment to outlaw what he used to call murder. In doing so he has alienated his core constituency without gaining anything at the other end: his opponent, James Florio, made the big flipflop years ago and now favors abortion-on-demand. Courter's switch can only win him a few votes among those who favor legal abortion but don't care very much. But he has also shown his own lack of conviction and legitimated Florio's position. Dealing away what you've always insisted were human lives for short-term political gain is not an impressive demonstration of leadership.

It's precisely when the situation is uncertain that leadership is most necessary and most efficacious. But at the moment, the anti-abortion movement isn't seeing much of it among the politicians. Even George Bush, though he hasn't changed his position, is clearly muting it. Moderation is fine, as a matter of demeanor. But watering down principles is another matter, especially when innocent blood is being shed.

Good News from Dartmouth

IN AN extraordinary sequence of events, Dartmouth College officials have come down hard on classroom political indoctrination.

The circumstances are these: One Sarah Sully, a lecturer in French and Italian, assigned her French II class an essay on, wait a minute, the *Dartmouth Review*. The freshmen duly wrote their French essays, and one of them apparently failed to condemn the *Review*. He did not know who Sarah Sully is: the wife of the now-famous black music professor Bill Cole, a principal in the College's dispute with the newspaper. Miss Sully awarded the student a grade of D, commenting that his essay was "racist."

The student went to his freshman advisor, who sent him to the department chairman, who moved him to another French section. Then the matter was reviewed at a meeting of the professors in the department, chaired by Dean Dwight Lahr, who is black. This ad-hoc committee could find no "racism" in the student's essay.

Dean Lahr informed Miss Sully that French essays were not to be graded on political content, and that she was no longer to assign the *Review* as an essay topic. The Dean was backed up by the department chairman, who said, "We think that in an academic community everyone should have freedom of speech —including the students."

Miss Sully's position remained: "I can't in good conscience reward with an 'A' someone who is writing racist remarks, no matter how well it is said." She was unable to specify, however, any respect in which the freshman's essay was racist.

This affair turned over an academic rock and revealed the peculiar life underneath. Assistant professor of French and Italian Carla Freccero, for example, was quoted in the press as saying that she is afraid of discussing the *Dartmouth Review* in her classes. What's that? Why is the student newspaper up for discussion in French and Italian classes anyway?

In due course, when the department and the administration failed to cave in, Sarah Sully resigned, on grounds of academic freedom, which she apparently understood as allowing her to make any use of her classroom that occurred to her. Then she went bananas. "What's happening at Dartmouth is what happened in Nazi Germany," she told the press. "It's what happened when the Jews were being shipped off to concentration camps and the German people looked the other way. That's what's happening at Dartmouth."

Dartmouth Review editor William Grace had his own comment: "If Sarah Sully wants to give the *Dartmouth Review* credit for creating an atmosphere where political grading is not tolerated, that's fine. We'll take the credit."

The Dartmouth professors and administrators, no doubt most of them liberals, who held the line in this egregious case and just said no—who kept the faith with that freshman in French II—deserve the gratitude of us all.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a new subscriber, I must say that I enjoy your magazine very much. However, one of your regular features, "The Week," has me a bit confused. Since yours is a bi-weekly publication, does "The Week" only cover one of the two weeks since the last issue? If so, which week do you cover: the first, the second, or the more newsworthy of the two? Or do you opt

Hachfeld, *Axel Bildwand*, Hamburg / Rothco

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for this title to avoid less catchy alternatives like "The Fortnight" or "The Two Weeks"?

Just curious,
Joel Smith
Columbia Falls, Me.

Dear Mr. Smith: Nice point. But you see, we began (1955-57) as a weekly magazine. Inevitably, we took to thinking of the period since we last went to press as "the week," much as the sovereign, in Great Britain, tends to think of June as the month he/she was born in, if you see what I mean. Cordially, WFB

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Ed Capano
Re: *NR* Gold MasterCard

I've enclosed a copy of the original letter you wrote when we first offered the *NR* Gold MasterCard to our subscribers. All the information you will need is in the letter.

At the moment we have approximately two thousand card members and would like more. You might want to ask anyone who hasn't yet ordered one to call the toll-free number.

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Your humble servant,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

P.S. If you want to do it all with one quick telephone call, the number is 800-847-7378.

☐ Mr. James Fallows
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Fallows:

The *Best of Business Quarterly* for Summer 1989 quotes you as follows,

> Americans acquire the patina of old money by pretending that they are Englishmen. William F. Buckley Jr. has basically the same lineage as, say, Lyndon Johnson. Johnson was descended from rural Texas politicians, and so is Buckley, whose grandfather was a sheriff in south Texas. But instead of wearing a cowboy hat and leisure suit, like Johnson, Buckley made himself sound as if he were a tenth-generation Old Etonian. In a sense, he is the classic American, since he has completely invented a new identity for himself.

You should know that the invention of myself as a tenth-generation Old Etonian required a great deal of planning. I (and my four younger siblings) spoke only Spanish at home (my parents had lived in Mexico since they were married). At age six, I went to my first school—in Paris, where the language is French, even among the nouveaux. I was exposed to English for the first time in London at age seven when I was enrolled in the Blessed Sir Thomas More School. From there I went to New England and, at age 12, back to England to a boarding school (St. John's, Beaumont, six miles from Eton) (by the way, if you think I speak with an Eton accent, you don't know an Eton accent); then to boarding school in the Hudson Valley. During this period I visited Texas twice, once for three days, once for two days. But then the affinity between Lyndon Johnson and my grandfather was certainly strong: although my grandfather died in 1904, he voted for Johnson in 1948.

Having quoted you on the subject, I do hope you know more about the production of F-16s than you do about the production of Buckleys. If not, you should write about other things.

Yours truly,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a 19-year-old who knows five of the six words cited by the querulous Henry Evans as cause to nominate you "Champion of Obfuscation" [Aug. 4]. While it is true I am currently an Ivy League student (with clenched teeth I will have to look down my nose upon Mr. Evans due to the snobbery he alleges I and my fellow students have), I learned those words at my public high school in Ohio.

Adam R. Stauffer
Brown University
Providence, R.I.

Dear Mr. Stauffer: Perhaps Mr. Evans will forgive you if you manage to forget those words before you are his age. Cordially, **—WFB**

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JAPAN: FROM 'INC.' TO SUPERPOWER?

PRIME MINISTER Toshiki Kaifu seems no more likely than his immediate predecessors to lead Japan into its putative role as the new superpower. Politically, let's face it, Japan is a mess. The system that worked so well in the decades of Japan Inc.'s inexorable rise creaks and falters as the global post-Communist power vacuum looms ahead.

The Japanese press, however, is more concerned with allegations that Mr. Kaifu fathered a daughter out of wedlock than with whether he will lead Japan to a date with destiny. Sex scandals compete with Recruit handouts for media attention.

For now, Japanese voters are entitled to ask why Mr. Noboru Takeshita bothered to resign. He clearly continues to pull the strings, through the Liberal Democratic Party's new Secretary General, Mr. Ichiro Ozawa, as he did during the brief and geisha-haunted tenure of Mr. Sosuke Uno.

Plus ça change, the clearer it becomes that Japan is in need of a change. Unfortunately, it can hardly be said that the Socialist Party, as now constituted, provides a credible alternative. Most people have forgotten that the Socialists were the first party to be elected to office in postwar Japan, when Mr. Tetsu Katayama headed a short-lived coalition government in 1947-48. Since then it has been in opposition.

The dramatic rise of the Socialist leader, Miss Takako Doi, is good news for Japanese women, now emerging from sexist near-helotry, and the male-dominated LDP had better take note. It is good, too, for democratic principles, that a party other than the LDP has been able to win control of the Diet's Upper House.

And that, alas, just about covers the good news. The Socialist Party shows the effects of its four decades in opposition. A party of protest can afford the luxury of adhering to long-discredited leftist economic nostrums, and potentially disastrous foreign policies. The Socialists are against both the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty *and* Japan's quite formidable "Self-Defense Forces." A Socialist Japan (that is, if the Socialist Party continued to cling to its current platform) would be neutral and—in line with Article 9 of "Emperor" Douglas MacArthur's "no war" constitution—unarmed.

Thus, in foreign policy especially, Miss Doi's party lives in a dreamland where neither logic nor reality has a place. From her statements, however, and from examples elsewhere, it seems probable that she would see the sense of discarding such outdated baggage if she achieved real power, and (much trickier) that she would see the need to discard it as a condition of achieving that power. After all, even Neil Kinnock has persuaded the Labour Party to veer away from nuclear unilateralism; while Spain's "Socialist" premier, Felipe González, has been tasting the popularity won by his anti-Socialist policies.

Fortunately, for Japan and the West, the Socialist option is hardly for tomorrow. For now, one can only lament the state of the LDP, and the consequent absence of leadership at a time of historic opportunity.

Having said this, I should qualify my earlier comment, "the global post-Communist power vacuum looms ahead." It does, but it is still some way ahead. It is not sufficient for Communism to collapse as an ideological inspiration and catalyst. Gorbachev is attempting to maintain his party's monopoly of power, with himself as leader, while easing away from the constraints of Leninism. That is why I cannot join with those in the West who hope he will succeed.

For the sake of the hundreds of millions still living under Communist governments, I devoutly pray that he will fail. His cryptic occasional references to Brest-Litovsk should be seen in this context. Lenin himself had described Brest-Litovsk—the separate peace the fledging Soviet Union concluded with Germany in March 1918—as an "obscene, foul, and humiliating peace." But Gorbachev knew what he was saying. Brest-Litovsk showed how short-term interests could be sacrificed to secure vital ones.

IN THE disastrous present, Gorbachev sacrifices Cuba, Nicaragua, Angola, and Mozambique. He was prepared to sacrifice Afghanistan as well, but counted on the squabbling *mujahedin* factions to keep Najibullah in power: rightly, as it now looks.

Will he also sacrifice the Kuriles and southern Sakhalin in return for Japanese investment in, say, Siberia? The subject is due to be raised by the Japanese at talks between the new foreign minister, Hiroshi Mitsuzaka, and Eduard Shevardnadze, in New York in a few weeks. My guess is that, as on all previous occasions, the Soviets will say no—for good reasons.

Whatever the state of Communism, the Soviets are immensely strong in the Pacific, and the Self-Defense Forces are no match for them. Moreover, the Soviets can see that the LDP factions and their corresponding bureaucracies are no match for the Politburo, even with Boris Yeltsin and the fractious Supreme Soviet in the background.

Against this, the Soviet Union badly needs Japanese technology, and the West badly needs to see to it that the Japanese remain, as they now are, vigilant members of COCOM, on guard against Soviet greed.

The West should help Japan to move into global and spatial defense strategy and stand firm in the face of possible Soviet blandishments. On their side, the Japanese should start thinking of ways out of their self-designed political impasse.

Dare one say it: Is there a role there for Emperor Akihito? □

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AFRICA'S NEXT BASKET CASE?

RADEK SIKORSKI

WINDHOEK—Former *Deutsch Südwest Afrika*, twice the size of France and with a population of only 1.5 million, consists largely of desert wastelands and bush, only sparsely dotted by towns with names such as Luderitz and Swakopmund. The capital, Windhoek (pop. 70,000), is normally a cross between a Midwest backwater and St. Tropez off season, but of late the number of cars in its streets has doubled, the room rates in its five hotels have quadrupled, and the bars resound with cheers in dozens of languages—the UN contingent is here to oversee the turning of Africa's last colony into independent Namibia. There has been little trouble so far, apart from the SWAPO incursion from Angola in April (see *NR*, May 5). Stuck in sleepy, spotlessly clean towns, most UNTAG [United Nations Transition Assistance Group] officers are catching up on their reading and leafing through duty-free car brochures. The South Africans have determined to score a brownie point for terminating their occupation of South West Africa and have so far scrupulously adhered to their agreements.

In itself, Namibia is of little consequence despite its deposits of uranium and diamonds, but the success or failure of its transition to independence will be crucial to the rest of southern Africa. By withdrawing from South West Africa the South Africans are losing their overland supply lines to UNITA in Angola: thus the Cuban withdrawal and the hope of a settlement in Angola hinges on the success of the independence process. Above all, if a black majority government in Namibia were to prove a success—capitalistic, tolerant, and efficient—what better signal to white South Africans that a handover of power to the majority need not mean a slide into dictatorship and poverty? The ANC has just proposed a constitutional settlement for South Africa mirroring the plan for Namibia. But if, despite Namibia's sparse population, superb infrastructure, relaxed race relations (apartheid has been all but abolished for years, and black townships here are wealthier than many working-class Afrikaner suburbs in South Africa), untapped mineral wealth, healthy agricultural economy, and vast tourist potential—if despite all these blessings, Namibia were to become another African disaster of incompetence, bogus rhetoric, military coups, tribal domination, and voodoo economics, then who could be surprised if the white South Africans dug in their heels?

South West Africa may be an underdeveloped country economically; politically it is positively overdeveloped. At the latest count no fewer than forty parties were vying for attention, with new ones springing up like mushrooms after a storm—from the one-man Communist Party of Namibia to the white-supremacist Herstigte Nasionale Party, which denounces the South African "sellout" and vows to boycott the elections. Maybe because all permutations using the words Democratic, National, United, Progressive, etc. have been exhausted, one party has adopted the poetic name of /AI//gams. (This is how "hot springs" is spelled in the Nama language.) There is even a Workers' Revolutionary Party, a "sister party" of the British WRP, whose president assured me that here, in the barren expanses of Africa, Trotsky will at last be vindicated. How large is the party's following? Growing by the day, the masses flocking in droves to those who truly represent their class interests. How many activists? Well, actually . . . about thirty "at most." Unfortunately he could not give me a copy of the election manifesto right now because a split has occurred—"the comrade delegated to write it has developed revisionist tendencies." Most of the fissiparous mini-parties will trip over the two-thousand-signature threshold required for inclusion on the November ballot.

The elections will take place and will probably be judged to be "free and fair" if both of the major players (SWAPO and the South African-backed Democratic Turnhalle Alliance) cheat in equal measure. The constitution will be haggled over and adopted, and then a government established. Since the northern Ovambos, of whom SWAPO predominantly consists, are overwhelmingly the largest tribe, commanding an absolute majority of the population, it will certainly be a SWAPO government.

But, as everybody I spoke to agreed, it is what happens after the elections have been won by SWAPO, after a SWAPO government is installed, and after the UN has departed that is of concern. SWAPO needs two-thirds of the November vote to write the new constitution without coalition partners. But whether or not the movement gains a two-thirds majority may well prove immaterial. Since when have exemplary constitutions and impeccable

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Bills of Rights stopped triumphant national-liberation movements from assuming dictatorial power? UNTAG is in effect merely legitimizing a transition from a South African to a SWAPO administration. After all the hullabaloo of elections and the transition period, the only important question, both to us and to the Namibians themselves, will be: What kind of rulers will SWAPO make?

THE PORTENTS could hardly be worse. To the United Nations, SWAPO has been "the sole legitimate representative of the Namibian people"; but many of its own former followers call it SWAPO-GESTAPO. Gerhard Shipena had only been back in Windhoek for two weeks when I spoke to him, after 15 years' absence from Namibia, first as a SWAPO fighter, then as the organization's prisoner in one of its concentration camps in Angola. Bruises and burns on his thighs and torso corroborated his story of elaborate SWAPO torture methods. Hundreds of former SWAPO detainees have already returned via the UN High Commissioner for Refugees telling similarly horrific stories, and hundreds more are missing. Power in SWAPO is wielded by the hard-liners within the organization's security apparatus, who have purged internal opponents under the pretense of weeding out South African spies. Any hopes that Sam Nujoma, the SWAPO leader, has abandoned his old-fashioned Stalinist principles were dashed in April when he ordered the disastrous incursion. But will he and his colleagues perhaps be satiated once they gain power? Will nice cars and villas help them abandon their ideological dreams? Mishake Muyongo used to be SWAPO's vice president but now works for its only serious rival, the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance: "They will prefer power to wealth because these exiles will be living better than they used to whatever the state of the economy," he told me. As in so many places before, only the collapse of the country would bring the rulers back to their senses.

Because of Namibia's status as a colony supervised by the UN (South Africa's mandate was withdrawn in 1966) the international community could have tried to ensure a sensible constitutional order for Namibia; but instead of shaping conditions favorable to peace and stability, the UN plan is likely to be Namibia's undoing. The "international community" prefers to pay lip service to principles most of its member states do not follow at home rather than face the hard realities of ushering into independence a country whose social (the majority is illiterate), economic, and ethnic structures make it unsuitable for a unitary Western-style democracy.

Where history has thrown together within the same borders peoples as diverse as Stone Age Bushmen and the descendants of German colonialists, each with an exclusive culture of its own and each eager to protect it and pass it on to its children, one would have thought it common sense to reassure each group that its integrity will be respected. What would the Founding Fathers have done if the Comanches were fellow citizens? Wouldn't they have devised a deft federal structure under which the Comanches and the European settlers would each govern themselves according to their own customs? But if this were not allowed and the Comanches had constituted a numerical majority in such a hypothetical early American republic, would it have survived as a democratic state for long? Namibians are being forced into just such a fantastic structure—as if thirty years of misery and war in post-independence Africa were not on record to show that it cannot work. Never mind that not once in those thirty years has one civilian black-African government peacefully handed over power to an elected successor. The "international community" prefers to stick to its illusions and feed its holy cows—they are more precious than a small country's future. Hegel was right: we are incapable of learning from history.

The number of whites in most countries in post-colonial Africa is a reliable indicator of both the country's prosperity and the mildness of its regime, and this is not only because the whites are more likely to have the skills and the capital that modern economies need. The success of Kenya, Ivory Coast, and Zimbabwe coincides with a large proportion of remaining whites for an additional reason: because their lenient treatment signals a generally flexible, imaginative leadership ready to bury the hatreds of the past for the sake of the future. The 100,000 whites in Namibia are likewise the country's commercial, academic, and technical elite. All the country's veterinarians, for example, are white, and were they to stop issuing livestock health certificates, Namibia could not export an ounce of meat. People would begin to die of thirst within months if the white technicians operating some of the more sophisticated water pumps in the deserts left. In practice, all Namibian whites will be able to emigrate to South Africa, where they have accumulated savings (South West Africa uses the South African rand). If their group rights and material position are not protected, many, particularly the ones with skills, will leave. More than twenty thousand already have left in the last few years. SWAPO wants "brotherhood with the white man," but even its most moderate leaders, even at their most reassuring, say that by brotherhood they mean that "the white man first gets off our backs and lives like us." SWAPO makes no secret of its plans for egalitarian social policies, although its manifesto promises compensation. Punitive taxation can be just as crippling as outright confiscation, however. Having induced Namibia's own white population to leave, SWAPO will find that it is many times more expensive to lure new foreign experts to run the essential services.

THE WHITES are by no means the only ethnic group clamoring for the protection of minority rights. Take the case of the Basters (originally "bastards") of Rehoboth, one of the 11 ethnic groups in Namibia, a proud colored clan whose ancestors fled white persecution in the Cape in the eighteenth century and found refuge south of Windhoek. Through hard work under unashamedly capitalistic principles, left to themselves by the central government, the Basters have raised themselves to the status of the second best-educated and wealthiest community in Namibia. They have made the desert bloom and live in spacious bungalows obeying their own elective Kaptein. But, SWAPO spokesmen assured me, such archaisms as the Basters' autonomy will be abolished. Hans Diergaardt, the Basters' chief, vows to resist SWAPO to the bitter end. "If they impose their government on us we'll find weapons and go fighting in the bush." The Damaras and the →

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→ Hereros are just as eager for SWAPO's Ovambo veterans to settle on their land.

Never has so much been spent so fast to so little purpose. The UN is spending $500 million (three times the entire Namibian national debt) of mostly Western money to legitimize the handing over of power to SWAPO. This job could have been done for a fraction of the cost if a few battalions of the same army were used, and Namibians would have been much better served if, instead of being spent on UN salaries, this vast sum had gone into an international trust fund based on conditions of good behavior. If SWAPO honored its pledges and constitutional guarantees, it could have drawn on it; if not, not.

Paradoxically, the best hope for Namibia lies in South Africa's continued interest in its former colony. And indeed South Africa has a vital interest in taming SWAPO, and it is the only party with leverage to achieve this. Logistically, commercially, and financially, Namibia is a part of South Africa: its only proper port is a South African enclave, most of its foreign companies are South African, it depends on South Africa to finance its budget deficits. SWAPO will find it very costly indeed to sever these dependencies. Germany has already told SWAPO it will invest in the country only if free enterprise and minority rights are respected. The chances that SWAPO will play cricket seem slim. But this is the only leverage over it the West can have. The United States and Britain should follow suit.

Far more likely, in ten or 15 years' time, when the Namibian per-capita income has been halved, when the country has wasted its resources on harebrained egalitarian schemes and on subversion against South Africa, and is ruled by a more or less demented tyrant, the country's misfortunes will be blamed on its colonial past and South African meddling. Those who remember what the country was like before 1990 will know better. □

THE DODD DOCTRINE

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—On August 7, in the coastal Honduran resort of Tela, five scared Central American presidents looked over their shoulders at a fickle Uncle Sam and signed what Nicaraguan strongman Daniel Ortega called "the Contras' death warrant." Under the terms of the Tela agreement the Contras would have to disband by December 8, well before the scheduled February 25 elections in Nicaragua.

Back home in Washington the Bush Administration is trying to put a good face on the agreement by pointing out how many times the word "voluntary" appears in the document; Mr. Ortega, in a somewhat different interpretation, says that Contra troops who don't voluntarily disarm and disband will have to be "exterminated." Either way, the Sandinistas lose any incentive not to rig the election, unless aid to the Contras and their families based along the Honduran side of the border (some fifty thousand people) continues to flow through February to keep them together as a force. And this decision has now been placed in the hands of six key Democrats: Senators Robert Byrd (W.V.), Claiborne Pell (R.I.), and George Mitchell (Me.), and Representatives Thomas Foley (Wash.), Dante Fascell (Fla.), and Jamie L. Whitten (Miss.).

It was the White House itself that gave these Democrats veto power over Central American policy, in the widely trumpeted "bi-partisan" agreement this spring. In an April 28 letter to Congress, Secretary of State James Baker agreed that Contra aid already authorized and appropriated through February 28, 1990—three days after Nicaragua's election date—would end November 30 of this year unless the written consent of "the bi-partisan leadership of Congress and relevant House and Senate authorization and appropriations committees" were obtained. In other words, all that is necessary for the Sandinistas to triumph is for these Democrats to do nothing. Everyone gets to hide behind the Central American presidents.

"The Administration needs to decide what price it is willing to pay for good relations with Congress," says the former Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Elliott Abrams. "Without humanitarian aid the Contras will be starved into submission. I'd put peace with Claiborne Pell and Dave Obey [Democratic Representative from Kansas] rather lower on the list of priorities."

More than this, President Bush needs to reconsider the whole bi-partisan approach. Granted, in areas where the two parties' goals are the same (e.g., Afghanistan) things go much easier under the bi-partisan umbrella. But where the goals are not the same, as in Central America, "bi-partisan" policy has an odd way of turning into Democratic policy. Furthermore, as the party out of the White House, the Democrats will escape all blame for consequent failures. Thus the fearful asymmetry of the Tela accord, which spells out the demobilization of the one force that might guarantee a free election in Managua, but which offers no such timetable for the disbanding of a Nicaraguan-supplied insurgency in El Salvador threatening a country that has already managed five free elections since 1982.

Republican leaders understandably grasped at the bi-partisan straw as a chance to buy time for the Contras, to keep them going as long as possible in the face of a Congress determined not to give them the military aid they would have needed to win. But almost from the start every such agreement was breached by Democratic leaders such as former Speaker Jim Wright (D., Tex.), who at one point during negotiations with the Reagan Administration cleared a draft proposal with the Sandinistas' congressional liaison in Washington two days before sending it on to then-Secretary of State George Shultz. This time around, the White House came up against Senator Chris Dodd's (D., Conn.) staff members in Tela, there conducting their boss's separate foreign policy. All bi-partisan efforts so far have failed, because Democratic leaders were essentially teaching the Sandinistas how to lobby Congress through the loopholes.

"Step one is for the Administration to make an issue of this," says Alan

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Keyes, former aide to Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. "Step two is to focus on the Democrats, to make aid to the Contras through the elections the litmus test for freedom in Central America."

A glance over the congressional record on Contra funding tells the story. In 1981 and 1982, Congress voted for covert aid. In 1983 it approved overt aid. The following year aid was cut off. In 1985 it became humanitarian aid. Military aid was resumed in 1986, and in 1987, just when it was proving effective, it was cut off. In 1988 and 1989 Congress went back to the fig leaf of humanitarian aid.

The six key Democrats who have a life-or-death hold over the Contras are not distinguished for their past support. An American Conservative Union analysis of Contra votes, for example, finds that of the Democrats in question, only the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Dante Fascell, has a 100 per cent record of Contra support (he represents a heavily Cuban district). The other two House leaders, Speaker Tom Foley and Appropriations Committee Chairman Whitten, weigh in at 0 per cent and 20 per cent respectively.

The Senate is even worse, with neither Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Pell nor Appropriations Committee Chairman Byrd having *ever* supported the Contras; Majority Leader Mitchell is only slightly better, with a 33 per cent rating. In addition, the respective chairmen of the relevant subcommittees, Chris Dodd and David Obey, also boast perfect anti-Contra records. If any one of these people fails to send a letter requesting aid to continue, the Contras are sunk. With these odds, and the mixed signals coming from Secretary Baker, it's hard to fault the beleaguered presidents of El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, and Costa Rica for deciding to cut the best deal they could now.

What this record suggests, furthermore, is that it wasn't the Contras who were ineffective, it was the Congress. It was, after all, the "ineffective" Contras who for five years have stood alone against a Cuban- and Soviet-armed regime in Managua. It was the ineffective Contras who in 1987 were racking up victory after victory against this same regime on the battlefield, before the Congress cut them off. And it was these same Contras whose sheer presence forced the Sandinistas to announce elections for February.

"Certainly Danny Ortega never considered the Contras ineffective," says Mr. Abrams. "All of Sandinista foreign policy has been obsessed with one goal: getting the U.S. to pull Contra aid."

Today the Sandinistas have won, and the Dodd Doctrine has triumphed. The worst part, however, is the way it has been done. In the same way that the Congress arranges for automatic pay raises that do not require a vote, in the same way that the nomination of William Lucas was prevented from going to the Senate floor for a full vote, so the sellout of the Nicaraguan Contras has been designed to avoid Democratic accountability. The American public knows all about the Sandinistas. What it needs to know is how the Democratic leadership has helped keep them in power, and the public will find out only if the White House is willing to confront the Democrats.

"In retrospect we should have blown the whistle back when we were agreeing to bi-partisan aid, and fought —and lost," says Representative Henry Hyde (R., Ill.). "At least that way we would assign responsibility for being the pallbearers of democracy in Central America where it belongs: with liberal Democrats." □

AFFIRMATIVE REACTION

RICHARD NADLER & TOM DONELSON

KANSAS CITY—The court-ordered plan for desegregating the Kansas City, Missouri, Metropolitan School District (KCMSD) has the distinction of having created near unanimity of public opinion—against it.

Taxpayers were the first to speak up, since the decision mandated a doubling of real-estate taxes for school-district residents. But now that the plan has been in operation for three years, the taxpayers have been joined by the parents of black and Hispanic schoolchildren and by Kansas City civil-rights leaders. As one of these leaders, Wallace Hartsfield of Operation PUSH, put it: "That which was designed to help minorities who have traditionally been discriminated against

Mr. Nadler is president of the Missouri Taxpayers Watchdog Association. Mr. Donelson is editorial editor for the K. C. Jones *newspaper.*

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is now working against quality education for minorities."

The story began with a desegregation case, *Jenkins* v. *Missouri*, decided in 1985 by Russell Clark, a federal trial judge in Missouri's Western District. Judge Clark held that contemporary black children in the KCMSD were suffering from the residual ill effects of mandatory segregation statutes, and that these effects were manifested both by the scarcity of desegregated classrooms and by the poor quality of education within the district. At least Judge Clark dismissed class-action suits against surrounding suburban schools, in effect removing the controversial possibility of a forced-busing program. But the remedy he did order has proved arguably more expensive and disruptive.

THE PROBLEM is that the KCMSD was not adequately integrated according to the standard set by the court. The student population of the KCMSD was, and is, over 70 per cent minority. In order to induce voluntary integration of the district, and to improve its quality of education, the court approved an ambitious plan to create 46 "magnet schools," at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars. In theory, the KCMSD would become an oasis of educational excellence so alluring that residents of surrounding districts would flock to enroll their children there.

Thus, the central paradox of the court's approach was that judicial taxation and coercive social engineering were applied to fashion a remedy whose success depended upon its voluntary acceptance by the public.

Sub-paradoxes abounded.

To give the KCMSD the required face-lift, public relations became paramount—and impossible. The plan was to attract white suburban students; but the method of attracting them was to trumpet the excellence of KC schools, which had yet to be achieved. Several hundreds of millions of dollars in capital improvements could not counteract the well-reported problems of crime and indiscipline; new curricula and syllabi could not banish the difficulties engendered by decades of social promotion and grade inflation. The magnet-plan emphasis on expensive specialization—model farms, Olympic-sized swimming pools, elaborate language-lab electronics—strained credibility with taxpayers.

The educational oasis failed to attract the suburban caravan. In one year, the KCMSD spent $1.3 million to attract out-of-district whites. Recruiters targeted a modest goal of one thousand student transfers. Less than a quarter of that number have enrolled for the upcoming school year.

But it was the quotas that eroded black support for the remedy. For the new magnet schools the court had ordained that for each six minority students admitted, four non-minority students must attend—although in existing schools this distribution was to be approached gradually, through annual increases in white student population of 2 per cent. But with the failure of the recruitment drive, the quotas have had an unintended result: thousands of magnet-school seats remain vacant, awaiting non-existent white transfers, while black applicants are "wait-listed"—i.e., excluded from the program.

To many black parents and leaders, this emphasis on white body-counts is a slap in the face. Some irate black and Hispanic parents began to falsify ethnic information on magnet-school application forms. Then they went a step further, going back to court to repair the flaws in the court-ordered plan. The Landmark Legal Foundation is representing black families challenging the quota restrictions. Its president, Jerald Hill, put it this way: "In a strange twist of fate these black students now find themselves again the victims of discriminatory treatment solely on the basis of the color of their skin. We are asking the court to dust off the empty desks and open the classroom door to these students who prefer to learn about statistics rather than simply be treated as a statistic."

Meanwhile, another group of minority parents has taken a more unusual course: forming an alliance with the private sector. This July, the day after a press conference convened by the Kansas City civil-rights establishment at the Allis Plaza Hotel, Judy Rivarde and other minority parents, represented by the law firm of Miller, Bash, and Starrett, presented their petition. It contained the amazing assertions that a) the KCMSD could move 10 per cent closer to the court's integration targets immediately through the voluntary actions of parents and private-sector schools; and b) this could be achieved at vastly less expense than under the current magnet plan.

Dropping the Idea

These assertions were documented in the petition which attorneys Richard and Stephen Miller filed with the court on July 14. Some fifty private schools—Lutheran, Catholic, and secular—have agreed to take in four thousand applicants from the KCMSD if the court will consent to a voucher plan. The petition emphasizes that the private schools would receive no direct public funding. Instead, the grants would go to the parents, to be applied toward tuition at a private school of their own choosing.

The costs? At present, the average annual expenditure per student in the KCMSD is $6,000. By contrast, the average tuition charged by the elementary schools identified in the petition is less than $2,000 per year; the average private high-school tuition, less than $3,000 per year.

The Millers contend that private schools are willing to do what the suburban school districts are not. "Our petition," said Stephen Miller, "represents a middle ground between extremes of social coercion. What we're saying is that you don't have to accept segregation, nor do you have to force integration. Let the free choice of parents determine how money is spent for education and you'll get schools that are not discriminatory, and that give a better education to boot."

The Rivarde complaint speaks the language of the *Jenkins* decision in terms of its racial goals, but it does so without the social coercion or runaway costs of the current remedy. "There is simply no place," says civil-rights attorney John E. Coons, "for these kids to go for a desegregated education in the public sector."

The question remains: Will the courts tolerate a private solution? □

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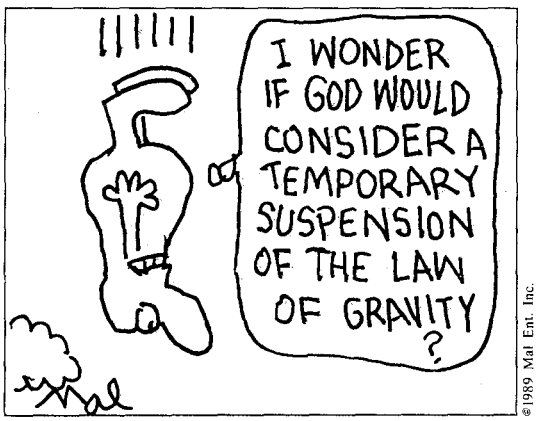
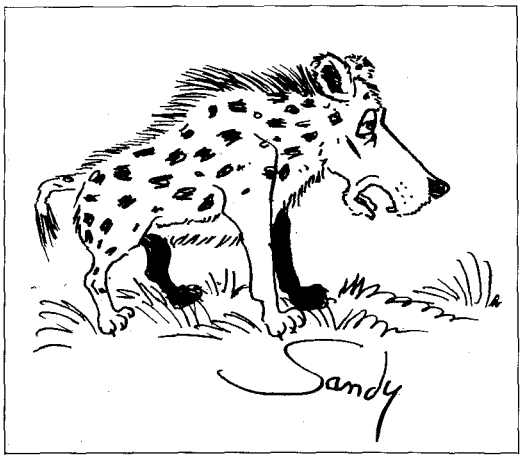
help !!!!



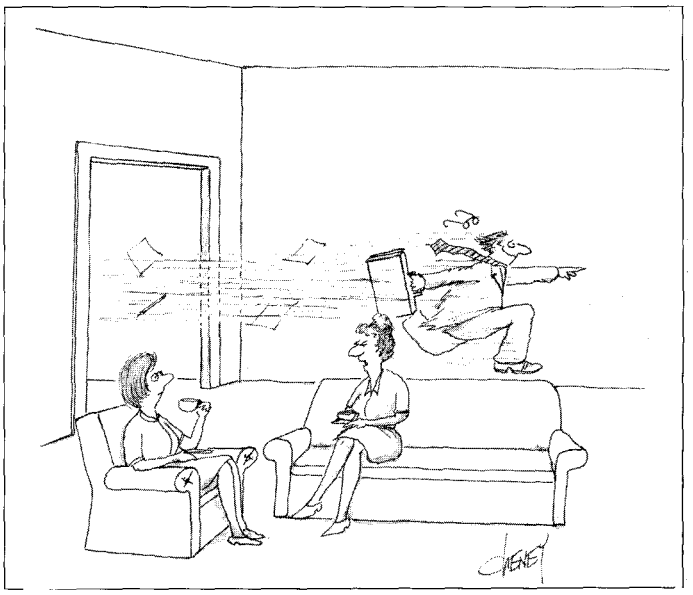
Home, Sweet Home

Macao, where cowering Chinese
Lie huddled with the Portuguese,
Aware that '99 will bring
Mainland embraces from Peking,
Saw Hong Kong as a seventh heaven—
But it reverts in '97.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I'm a good laugher, but I'm just not a great *laugher."*



"I prefer life in the slow lane—Gordon prefers life in the fast lane."

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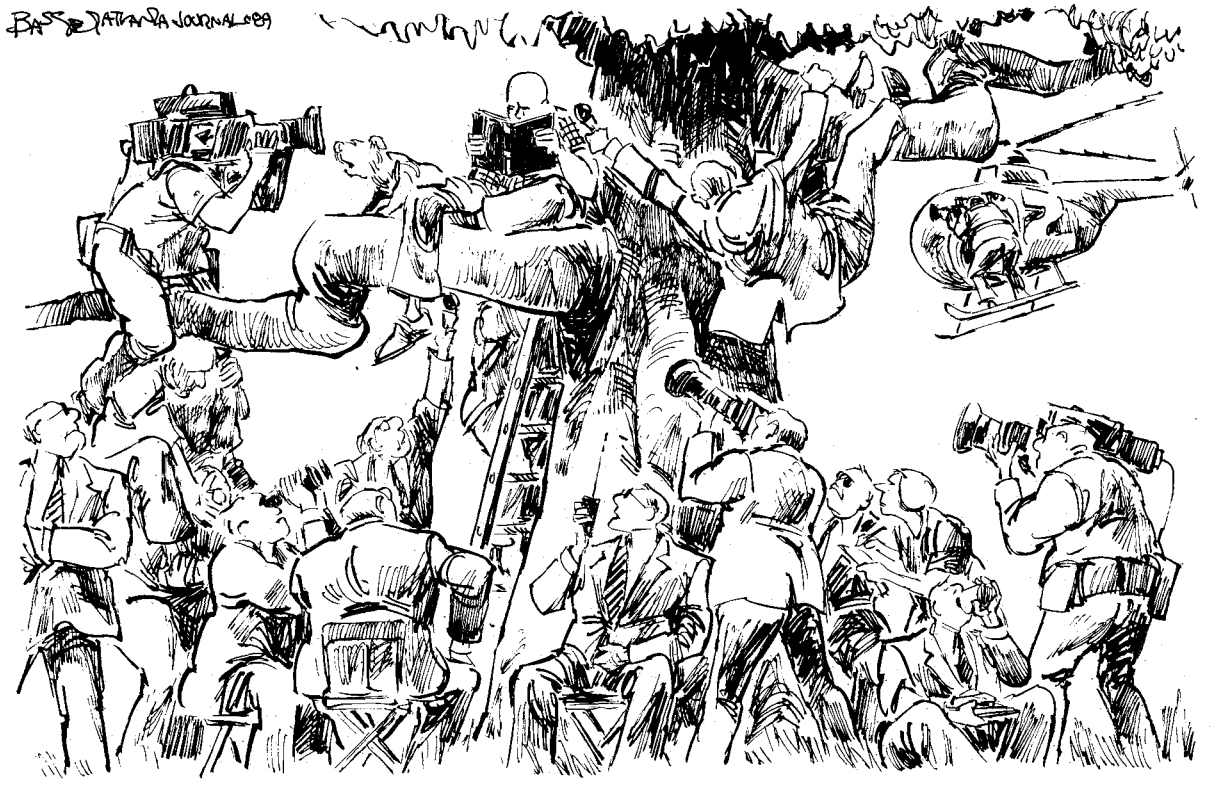

"FBI TO HEADQUARTERS... REPORTING FROM THE BLOCH STAKEOUT..."

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES VOTES ON THE ADMINISTRATION'S DEFENSE BUDGET.

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OVER THERE

For more than two years at the end of World War II, American foreign policy drifted. Under a dying President Roosevelt and an unprepared President Truman, we won the war but lost the peace. By the time we woke up, Stalin had control of half of Europe.

WHILE AMERICA SLEPT

JEFFREY HART

THE SOLDIERS and the sailors came home. They came home from the Normandy landing, the Ardennes, home from North Africa and the butchering Italian campaign, home from those deadly coral atolls in the Pacific, home from Okinawa. The fighting on Okinawa had been so ghastly that it had turned the stomach of no less than General Douglas MacArthur.

We had not gone to war joyfully. Americans who were not yet middle-aged had fought in World War I. There were thousands of destroyed soldiers in the veterans' hospitals, men who had been gassed, men with their arms and legs shot off.

We had gone to *that* war with brio. By 1917 Americans had forgotten the slaughters at Cold Harbor and Antietam. Our 1898 war with Spain had been a turkey shoot, a military farce. Then 1917: "And we won't come back till it's over over there." Enrico Caruso stood on a balcony on the old *Herald Tribune* building and sang George M. Cohan's war hymn in the languages of all the allies as the U.S. soldiers marched to their transport ships.

The war culture a quarter of a century later was entirely different. There were Bill Mauldin's cartoons in *Stars and Stripes*, the soldiers Willie and Joe looking like bag women. The songs said things like "coming in on a wing and a prayer."

And as the war wound down, as VJ Day followed VE Day, as the young soldiers and sailors came home, hitting tennis balls and throwing baseballs and humming Rodgers and Hammerstein tunes, something had gone terribly wrong at the top of the American political pyramid. Remember the phrase "the deadly hiatus." It was coined by Winston Churchill, whose private secretary, John Colville, used it in a notable *Commentary* article in September 1985 entitled "How the West Lost the Peace in 1945." The phrase refers to the period at the end of the war when *no one was in charge.*

In an eerie resemblance to Woodrow Wilson in 1919—when Wilson was incapacitated by a stroke and his wife signed his name to state papers—Franklin Roosevelt, suffering from a serious degenerative disease of the arteries, was fading mentally. He continued to believe to his dying day that the British empire, then disintegrating, was a graver threat to American interests than Stalinist Russia. He maundered about the possibility that Stalin was really a Christian. He continued to believe that "I can personally handle Stalin."

From 1943 on, momentous decisions were made about the conduct of the war which, in retrospect, seem almost insane: the Italian campaign, the misbegotten invasion of the south of France, the incredible Eisenhower decision not to seize Berlin before the Russians did, the handling of the Polish problem. Let John Colville recall that time:

> I did not go to Yalta, but I went to meet the returning British delegation and drove to London with Anthony Eden. I asked how things had gone. He replied that as Roosevelt was the sole head of state present, Churchill and Stalin being only heads of government, Roosevelt had been the chairman at every plenary session. That, said Eden, had been most hampering, for the President's powers were obviously failing and Eden had the impression that half the time he was unable to concentrate. So the deadly hiatus was already beginning to have its effect.

WHEN ROOSEVELT DIED Harry Truman had been Vice President for only five months. He had had zero say on policy and little access to Roosevelt. He was not even told of the development of the atomic bomb. When he suddenly became President, he did not understand the situation he was facing.

International politics is like physics. The only brake on force is counterforce. If the enormous French army had smashed Hitler's move into the Rhineland, Hitler today would be an obscure historical footnote, removed from power by the German army as a dangerous gambler. And from 1945 onward there was no counterforce resisting Communist expansion. The deadly hiatus in American leadership—from the point when Roosevelt's health and judgment began to fail to the point when Truman woke up to the reality of Soviet intentions—led to Yalta and Potsdam, the betrayal of the Poles, the impositon of Communist governments in Eastern Europe, the Czechoslovak coup, and, on the other side of the world, the loss of China and the invasion of South Korea.

But in 1945, having beaten the Germans and the Japanese, Americans did not want to fight the Russians. Once again the resemblance to the World War I period was eerie. In 1920 the Americans voted overwhelmingly for Warren Harding and the "return to normalcy." But in

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1944-45, normalcy broke down before the war had even ended. The cold war began, it could be argued, with the Communist insurrection in the Greek army in April 1944, starting the Greek civil war, in which Churchill personally intervened. Had he not done so, Stalinist guerrilla fighters would have seized power there, and the eastern Mediterranean would have been strategically forfeited. But the dying and debilitated Roosevelt, convinced that the British empire was the real threat to civilization, opposed Churchill's rescue effort.

Fortunately, the pro-Western Greeks were able to hang on until, with Britain's power failing, Truman threw America's might on their side and, according to the Truman Doctrine, on the side of those fighting Communist subversion everywhere.

But even after President Truman woke up to international realities, the American popular mood changed with costly slowness, no doubt in part because of the illusions about the USSR built up in the period 1942-45. Roosevelt had appealed to the heads of the Hollywood studios to make films that would strengthen the wartime alliance with Russia. Movies like *Song of Russia* and *Mission to Moscow* (based on Ambassador Joseph Davies's supremely naïve memoir of his time at the Moscow Embassy) duly appeared. Some were merely sentimental expressions of Russo-American friendship, in which favorable references to Communism were excised by conservative studio bosses. Louis B. Mayer once forbade the phrase "collective farm" in a positive context, changing it to simply "a farm." But *Mission to Moscow* was egregiously propagandistic, defending the notoriously rigged Moscow show trials.

Such influences helped to create a climate of support for extending the wartime alliance into peacetime as the United Nations Organization (UNO), which would superintend the affairs of a peaceful world. People gave credence to books like Wendell Willkie's *One World* (1943), ghostwritten by a Communist, Joseph Barnes. Once again, we thought we had made the world safe for democracy.

This complacent mood was challenged by Winston Churchill in his famous Iron Curtain speech at Fulton, Missouri, where, in the presence of President Truman, he called for a Anglo-American alliance to stem the tide of Russian aggression in Europe. The myth is that his speech transformed complacency into fortitude overnight. That is not so. As Hugh Thomas relates in his history of the cold war, *Armed Truce*:

> Arthur Krock, the experienced columnist on the *New York Times*, said that the general opinion in Washington was that Churchill should not have made his proposal for a new alliance in the United States (Henry Wallace thought that too); should not have made it in Truman's presence; that it was likely to have a contrary effect to that desired; that it should not have been made then; and that the speech would adversely affect the working of the United Nations. Republicans, like Senator Taft, who approved Churchill's diagnosis, opposed the idea of an alliance. The young Richard Nixon "at first wondered if he had not gone too far." The *Chicago Sun* rejected Churchill's "poisonous doctrines" and hoped that Truman would also do so. The *Boston Globe* . . . thought Churchill was inviting the United States to become the heir of "collapsing colonialism." The *Washington Post* expostulated that Churchill's idea for an international police limited to Britain and America was a suggestion for an illegal appendage to the United Nations. Walter Lippmann was also critical, and later committed himself to the view that Churchill was saying that "it was important to fight the Russians sometime during the next five years." Senators Brewster and Pepper believed that the United States ought to be "orientating her policies toward the other great world power rather than toward Britain." Ex-Ambassador Joseph Kennedy wrote in *Life* in March 1946: "Russia does not want a major war now nor in the near future." James Roosevelt, eldest son of the late President, said that "it is up to us and to every peace-loving man and woman in the entire world to stand up now and repudiate the words, the schemes, and the political allies" of Churchill. . . . Henry Wallace . . . thought Churchill's speech "very unfortunate." . . . Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was also critical: "very much put out with Churchill."

"Aim between th' eyes, Joe. Sometimes they charge when they're wounded."

Despite this generally hostile reception, the seeds of doubt had been planted. The tide of American public opinion slowly began to turn. Elite opinion was transformed by Stalin's brutality, symbolized by the Czech Communist coup of 1948 when his agents flung Jan Masaryk from an upper-story window. This politics of defenestration persuaded the West to shape up. General George Marshall proposed at Harvard the Marshall Plan for European recovery; a strategy of "containment"—originally proposed by George Kennan the year before in his "Mr. X" memorandum—shaped policy for the next thirty years; NATO was founded in 1949.

Popular opinion was slower to catch on. It was the avalanche of spies tumbling out of the cupboard—Judith Coplon, Alger Hiss, Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs—that finally aroused public anger. This anger was aggravated by the suspicion that the U.S. Government was taking the matter lightly. Harry Truman, for example, had been informed that Hiss was a traitor by Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King, who had received this information via the Mounties' interrogation of a Soviet defector, code clerk Igor Gouzenko. Truman promptly got Hiss out of the policy loop by shifting him to the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace. He thought that would settle the matter satisfactorily—hence his exasperated "red herring" remark when he felt that the Republicans were cashing in on Hiss politically. But the public took this as evidence of a lackadaisical attitude.

Culture high and low reflected and reinforced this shift in political sensibility. Answering the im-

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plied question from HUAC, "Where are the anti-Communist movies?" Hollywood set out to make some. Between 1948 and 1954, more than thirty movies were made with titles like *The Iron Curtain* (1948), *The Red Menace* (1949), *The Red Danube* (1949), *I Married a Communist* (1949), and *I Was a Communist for the FBI* (1951). Not surprisingly, none of these films were great popular successes; they all lost money. Probably these films, like the earlier pro-Communist movies, changed few minds. But they may have underscored the message of the newsreels.

Literature came to the defense of the West more profoundly. We were haunted by Orwell's *1984*, in which the all-powerful Party controlled not merely the future but the past; by Chambers's *Witness*, in which he declared that, by leaving the Communist Party, he had joined the losing side; and by Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, which now seemed to refer not to Russia in the 1930s but to a possible future in a subjugated Western Europe.

By the end of the Forties, U.S. opinion had settled down in support of a resistance to Communism that lasted until midway through the Vietnam War. Under the looming Stalinist threat, two isolationist Republican senators—Wiley and Vandenberg—switched and made intervention a bi-partisan policy. That in turn made re-engagement politically respectable for temperamentally isolationist Midwesterners. All that was left of the pro-Soviet sympathies of 1944-46 was a fellow-traveling rump. Its Henry Wallace candidacy carried the Upper West Side of Manhattan, but its feeble national showing demonstrated the bankruptcy of philo-Communist internationalism.

But the tension between isolation and intervention has been a constant in American history. George Washington warned against entanglement in Europe (meaning the French Revolution), John Adams believed we should spread republicanism, if at all, only by example; and there is a direct line from that to the pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists. But from Jefferson through McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt to Wilson and then Franklin Roosevelt, we have also had an expansionist and interventionist tradition.

This must have been immensely puzzling to policymakers in other great powers. What in the name of god or emperor were these Americans likely to do? From our present perspective, we can provide the definitive answer. Americans are temperamentally isolationist, and do not want to fight other people's battles. They need a clear and present danger from an identifiable enemy if they are to hold out over the long haul. Stalin provided that danger. □

THE BRIEF LIFE OF LIBERAL ANTI-COMMUNISM

PETER COLEMAN

It was an exhilarating moment for Arthur Koestler, on the afternoon of Thursday, June 28, 1950, as he called to a crowd of 15,000 in a public park in the British sector of Berlin: "Friends, freedom has seized the offensive!" This was the final day of the international conference called the "Congress for Cultural Freedom," a name resonant of many leftist rallies. Koestler, the 45-year-old author of *Darkness at Noon*, was exhausted after weeks of planning, days of arguing, and hours of drafting and redrafting a liberal, anti-Communist, anti-neutralist "Freedom Manifesto," which he now proclaimed.

But he was also triumphant: his point about *seizing the offensive* was that for at least 15 years, and especially since the end of World War II, liberal opinion had excused the continuing expansion of Soviet totalitarianism and justified its relentless suppression of democratic possibilities in Central and Eastern Europe as either necessary for Soviet security against Western imperialism or in any case a progressive alternative to the restoration of reactionary powers. In 1946, *Partisan Review* published an editorial by William Barrett that condemned the " 'Liberal' Fifth Column" in America and its campaign of "concealment, misrepresentation, and deception" in the interests of the Soviet Union. But now at long last, in the ruins of post-Hitler Berlin, a coalition of liberals, social democrats, and anti-Communist leftists was finally getting organized. Perhaps, Koestler and his audience felt, this was a fateful moment in history.

Even when what George Orwell called "the Russian *mythos*" was strongest, there had always been dissenters on the intellectual Left—social democrats, liberals, libertarians, and Marxists. In the United States they included Trotskyists (Max Eastman, Max Schachtman, James Burnham), revisionist Marxist philosophers (Sidney Hook), refugee Mensheviks (Boris Nicolaevsky, Sol Levitas), and liberal pragmatists (John Dewey).

But these and other anti-Stalinist writers and intellectuals of the Left remained a very small minority and had no significant organization, national or international, remotely capable of overcoming the Stalinist and fellow-traveling hegemony. They lived in an intellectual no-man's-land. Many of them were tentative, or even deeply uneasy, in their anti-Stalinism. In 1934 Max Eastman, for example, explained how he had hesitated to publish his *Artists in Uniform*, a detailed account of Stalin's persecution of writers and artists, in case it would damage "the soviets"; in 1936 André Gide confessed to a similar anxiety before publishing his *Retour de l'URSS*; and in 1938 Arthur Koestler ended his letter of resignation from the German Communist Party with the words "Long Live the Soviet Union!" In a world still recovering from the catastrophes of World War I and enduring the Great Depression and the spread of fascism, the Soviet Union seemed to many a last hope for humanity, and to cease to give it the benefit of doubt was a sort of treachery. But the number of defections increased with each new shock of Stalinist reality: collectivization, the Ukrainian famine, the Moscow trials, the betrayal of the Social Democrats in Germany and of the Popular Front in Spain, the Hitler-Stalin pact, the assassination of Trotsky, the attack on Finland, the increasing reports of the gulag. Nevertheless, Stalin always kept the loyalty of millions, including a large part of the intellectual elites.

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This was the most dramatically illustrated in a series of international conferences of writers, artists, and scientists. In October 1947, for example, a German Writers' Congress was held in East Berlin at the height of the Zhdanovist purges of Soviet writers, philosophers, and musicians. The Soviets sent three well-known writers and editors to Berlin, but no one was invited to represent the liberal West or its tradition of dissent. To frustrate the planned Communist triumph, a 27-year-old American journalist, Melvin J. Lasky, gave a sensational 35-minute speech in which he paid homage to the persecuted writers and artists of the Soviet Union and pointedly named Anna Akhmatova, Mikhail Zoshchenko, and Sergei Eisenstein as victims of Stalinism. A Soviet *apparatchik* immediately denounced Lasky as "a repulsive, war-mongering fascist" and a "cheap Hollywood imitation of Trotsky." But Lasky received a standing ovation from the German writers. In a city where anti-Soviet activists were not safe, his speech constituted a courageous act. But that was only an isolated and personal gesture. The U.S. authorities, eager to maintain postwar "Allied harmony," considered expelling Lasky from Berlin.

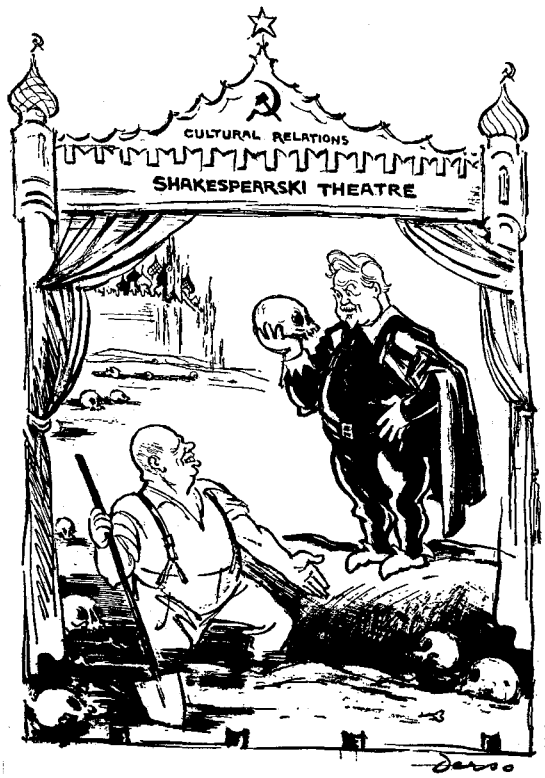
The following year, in September 1948, the larger Wroclaw (formerly Breslau) Cultural Conference for Peace witnessed more Western protest. The Kremlin spokesman, Aleksandr Fadeyev, Secretary General of the Soviet Writers' Union, delivered the keynote address. "If hyenas could type and jackals use a pen," he said, they would write like T. S. Eliot, Eugene O'Neill, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Malraux. Ilya Ehrenburg declared there was no such thing as "Western cuture," and Georges Lukacs explained that Soviet culture was beyond the understanding of the Western bourgeois intelligence.

Among the milder, personal "deviationists" at the conference were Julien Benda, philosopher, novelist, and author of *La Trahison des clercs*, who objected to being called upon to applaud at each detonation of Stalin's name. But the principal protestors were two historians, A. J. P. Taylor from Oxford and Bryn J. Hovde from New York. Taylor's speech rallied enough delegates to prevent the conference's anti-American resolution from being adopted unanimously. But those "hiccups" of the conference were not all due to solid oppositional planning. As Kingsley Martin, editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, complained, the protestors lacked any "agreement, cohesion, or organization."

Such was not the case at the next two Communist international peace conferences, in March and April 1949. The first, in New York, was sponsored by, among others, Albert Einstein, Charlie Chaplin, Paul Robeson, and Leonard Bernstein. Participants included Dmitri Shostakovich and Aleksandr Fadeyev from the Soviet Union, and Howard Fast, F. O. Matthieson, Clifford Odets, Aaron Copland, and Lillian Hellman from America. The scene was set at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for a glittering disavowal of "U.S. war-mongering." But this time the anti-Communists had formed a counter-organization, "Americans for Intellectual Freedom," whose numbers included Sidney Hook, Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, Nicolas Nabokov, and Arnold Beichman. At each meeting one of them questioned the Conference speaker about the fate of Soviet artists. Dwight Macdonald asked Fadeyev why he had submitted to the Politburo's direction to rewrite his novel *Young Guard*. "The Politburo's criticism helped my work greatly," he replied. Did Shostakovich agree, Nicolas Nabokov asked, with *Pravda* that such "lackeys of imperialism" as Hindemith, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky should be banned in the Soviet Union? Yes, said Shostakovich, trembling. (He wrote later that he thought: "When I get back, it's over for me.") The "Americans for Intellectual Freedom" also organized a rally at Freedom House, with an overflow of some thousands in Bryant Park, to hear Sidney Hook, Max Eastman, and Nicolas Nabokov speak of the harassment, persecution, and execution of Soviet intellectuals. "We had frustrated one of the most ambitious undertakings of the Kremlin," Sidney Hook wrote later.

But William Barrett was not so sure; all that had happened, he said, was that a few embarrassing questions had been asked and an anti-Stalinist rally, far smaller than the official pro-Soviet rally, had been staged. He had "the melancholy impression that there is no American organization adequate in resources, energy, or direction to fighting Stalinist propaganda on a satisfactory intellectual level."

In any case, the "Americans for Intellectual Freedom" encouraged the French socialist David Rousset in his plan to form a similar organization to combat the World Peace Congress to be held in Paris in April 1949. For the Peace Congress, the familiar faces were assembled again: Ilya Ehrenburg and Aleksandr Fadeyev from Russia, Paul Robeson and Howard Fast from America. Charlie Chaplin sent a message; Picasso released his Peace Dove; a Soviet priest blessed the conference; and Paul Robeson sang "Ole Man River." When Nanking fell to the Chinese Communists, the "peace" delegates cheered wildly. No dissenter was even given a hearing.



"We have plenty more of them."

David Rousset's counter-conference, despite careful planning, was a failure. Eleanor Roosevelt, Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, Julian Huxley, and R. H. S. Crossman sent messages of support. Delegates included Ignazio Silone, Sidney Hook, and James T. Farrell. Raymond Aron, Arthur Koestler, and James Burnham were not invited because they were "too anti-Communist." At its main meeting at the Sorbonne most of the speeches were so "neutralistic" that Sidney Hook wrote later: "Not since I was a boy thirty years ago listening to the soap-

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boxers in Madison Square have I heard such banalities and empty rhetoric." "Progressive," Sartrean Paris would always be a special and difficult case: this was the world capital of the fellow-travelers, from which, Arthur Koestler dourly said, the Communist Party could take over France with one telephone call.

But in the late 1940s opinion on the Left gradually began to change, spurred on by the Sovietization and the purges of social democrats in Eastern and Central Europe, the Berlin blockade, and the campaign against Tito. The year 1949 brought the publication of three books that indicated the new mood on the Left: *The God That Failed* (edited by R. H. S. Crossman), George Orwell's *1984*, and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s *The Vital Center*. Schlesinger's book, a manifesto of the American "Non-Communist Left," showed how quickly this movement had spread from the intellectual ghetto to high government office under the influence of such figures as George Kennan, Charles E. Bohlen, and Isaiah Berlin. "Under Byrnes and Marshall," Schlesinger said, recounting a "quiet revolution,"

> . . . the State Department moved in the direction of a philosophy of the non-Communist Left. The very phrase, indeed, was reduced in the Washington manner to its initials; and the cryptic designation "NCL" was constantly used in inner State Department circles.

It was the widespread adoption in the more intellectual U.S. Government circles of the belief that the non-Communist Left could be the most effective response to the totalitarian Left that created a receptive atmosphere for the formation and support of what would become the Congress for Cultural Freedom. It was to this non-Communist Left that Koestler was appealing when he uttered his *cri de triomphe* in Berlin in June 1950. And it was to the NCL that the U.S. Government now turned and, with CIA subsidies channeled through private foundations, gave the task of creating a permanent vehicle for the defense of Western liberal culture against the Stalinist attack.

What was the mission of the Congress for Cultural Freedom? It supported a network of magazines including *Encounter*, *Survey*, *Preuves*, *Tempo Presente*, and *Cuadernos*, and helped others ranging from *Quest* in Bombay to *Quadrant* in Sydney. It orchestrated international protests against oppression of intellectuals, most frequently in the Soviet bloc but also in Spain, Argentina, and Indonesia. It organized festivals and helped refugee writers. "I can think of no group of people," George F. Kennan wrote to Nicolas Nabokov, the Congress's General Secretary, "who have done more to hold our world together in these last years than you and your colleagues. In this country [the United States] in particular, few will ever understand the dimensions and the significance of your accomplishments." Above all, the Congress in this period helped to shatter the illusions of the Stalinist fellow-travelers.

The Congress kept its distance form political conservatism, however. Such conservatives as Michael Oakeshott and Eric Voegelin played a small, marginal role in the Congress, but magazines like the American NATIONAL REVIEW were considered outside the pale. Lionel Trilling's question to Jeffrey Hart—"You wouldn't ever write for NATIONAL REVIEW, would you?"—was a characteristic attitude, and Michael Josselson, the Congress's chief administrator, rebuked Friedrich Torberg for reprinting in the Congress's Austrian magazine, *Forum*, a NATIONAL REVIEW exchange in 1957 by James Burnham and William Schlamm: ". . . it is beneath the dignity of a Congress journal to reprint something from the completely discredited NATIONAL REVIEW, which devotes most of its columns to mud-slinging and name-calling of the worst kind."

The Congress also had little in common with other centers of anti-Communism—churches and private business. Most of its active members were secularist freethinkers in the style of Bertrand Russell, Benedetto Croce, or Sidney Hook. The theologians who supported the Congress were liberals like Reinhold Niebuhr and Jacques Maritain. With regard to business, the Congress's economist was J. M. Keynes, not F. A. Hayek. It appealed to intellectuals, a class of people for whom, Raymond Aron observed, "anti-capitalism is an article of faith." For them even to agree to debate the possible merits of a free-enterprise system, Aron said, would be an emotional and philosophical surrender. Malcolm Muggeridge had illustrated this "article of faith" in 1945 when the editor of the conservative London *Daily Telegraph*, offering him a job, asked him if he believed in "private enterprise." Muggeridge was "unable to say whether he believed in it or not." It is a far cry from the neoconservatism that succeeded the dissolution of Congress liberalism.

The Congress had great achievements to its credit. But from 1963 to 1967, it was operating under the shadow of the now inevitable exposure of its funding by the CIA. It was a period of retreat. Some Congress officials and supporters attempted to deflect criticism by criticizing in turn U.S. policy toward Vietnam. The dominant hope was, as far as possible, to protect the Congress and its achievements from defamatory publicity. It was largely a vain hope in the late 1960s, when, as the worldwide and sometimes hysterical campaigns against the Vietnam War developed, almost anything associated with the U.S. Government, and certainly anything associated with the CIA, was doomed to such publicity. What began with such high hopes in 1950 ended in "scandal."

JAMES BURNHAM, one of the Congress's founders but long since disenchanted with its "soft liberalism," gave a conservative view of what he had long thought of as the Congress's wrong turning in the early 1950s:

> The fundamental flaw was political. CIA mounted most of these activities in the perspective of "the non-Communist Left." CIA estimated the NCL as a reliably anti-Communist force which in action would be, if not pro-Western and pro-American, at any rate not anti-Western and anti-American.
>
> This political estimate is mistaken. The NCL is not reliable. Under the pressure of critical events the NCL loosened. A large portion—in this country as in others—swung toward an anti-American position, and nearly all the NCL softened its attitude toward Communism and the Communist nations. . . .
>
> Thus the organizational collapse is derivative from the political error. This political error is the doctrine that the global struggle against Communism must be based on the NCL—a doctrine fastened on CIA by Allen Dulles. Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and above all Vietnam have put the NCL doctrine and practice to a decisive test. A large part of the organizations and individuals nurtured by CIA under the NCL prescription end up undermining the nation's will and hampering or sabotaging the nation's security. □

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HENRY LUCE, CALL YOUR MEDIUM

LAST OCTOBER 17, *Time* magazine led off with a cheerful "Letter from the Managing Editor," telling of *Time*'s plans "to better serve the needs of busy, curious, intelligent readers." These included a new Interview section, a more complete index, and an expanded People section that "is, well, just more fun." But then, ominously: "we have introduced some new voices in *Time*, along with a broader spectrum of points of view."

It doesn't take much imagination to guess how broad this spectrum is. A typical example was a box by national political correspondent Larry Barrett, in which the author labeled RNC chairman Lee Atwater a "muck maven" and said: "If Bush really wants to prove himself a political environmentalist in search of a kinder, gentler America, he should sack Atwater." In a follow-up interview with *MediaWatch*, senior editor Robert Zintl acknowledged: "We do these boxes to be provocative, to make a little editorial point. . . . The magazine has gotten more opinionated on certain subjects." But "little editorial points" are not confined to boxes; since George Bush's election, *Time* has embarked on an ambitious mission to promote a liberal political agenda.

Liberal political analyst Garry Wills filed a seven-page review of the presidential campaign for *Time*'s November 21 issue. Dukakis lost, Wills explained, because "On the Pledge he did not angrily grab the flag back and say it belongs to *all* Americans . . . On the ACLU he did not get indignant that the honor of good people was being impugned . . . On the Horton issue, Dukakis should have had a panel of penologists appearing to explain the nation's furlough systems . . ." As a result, "Bush won by default, and by fouls. His 'mandate' is to ignore the threats to our economy, sustain the Reagan heritage of let's pretend, and serve as figurehead for what America has become, a frightened empire hiding its problems from itself."

Since the election, *Time* has aggressively promoted higher taxes, detente, and a leftward approach to the environment. In its "Planet of the Year" issue (January 2), the editors called for, among other things, raising the gasoline tax by fifty cents per gallon; ratifying the Law of the Sea treaty; making the environmental problem the "No. 1 agenda item" at the Paris Economic Summit; and an immediate restoration of aid to the United Nations' Fund for Population Activities. In "Fishing for Leadership" (May 22) *Time* displayed impatience with Mr. Bush: "Several signals, including Bush's slow response to the Alaska oil spill and his refusal even to consider an increase in the gasoline tax, have raised concern that he is not the kind of forceful, decisive leader the country needs to deal with the growing environment crisis."

Time has regularly championed the cause of higher taxes for higher spending: "Making the income tax more progressive would seem an obvious step" ("Are You Better Off?" October 10). But because of Bush's "no new taxes" pledge ("an obdurate stance") and his call for cuts in the capital-gains tax ("another miracle-grow elixir"), his first budget proposal to Congress was "an incoherent philosophy that might be dubbed Reaganomics with a human face" (February 20). Note that Reaganomics is simply assumed to be a bad thing.

Time magazine's pronouncements on foreign policy would make the Institute for Policy Studies proud. In a lengthy report on Central America ("No Winners, Only Losers," November 21) Reagan Administration policies in Nicaragua were bluntly rejected as "wishful thinking" born of "ideological zeal." Since "the Contras are never going to topple the Sandinistas," *Time* proposed a new strategy: "Rather than try to undo the Sandinista revolution, the new Administration in Washington should acknowledge the legitimacy of the Managua regime and resume direct negotiations that address U.S. security concerns."

TIME'S May 15 cover story on U.S./Soviet relations ("Do Nothing Detente") blasted Bush, who "finally thinks he has a policy toward Moscow—hang tough and see what happens—but U.S. allies fear he is missing an historic chance . . . Bush seems almost recklessly timid, unwilling to respond with the imagination and articulation the situation requires." The pictures accompanying the article told it all. With the caption "Instruments of War and Peace," the first picture shows a U.S.-made Lance missile; the second showed balloons and flowers in Moscow's Red Square on May Day.

When Bush ("finally") scored a diplomatic victory in Europe two weeks later, *Time* called him the " 'Nowhere President' criticized as a dithering leader without vision, too passive, too reactive, too unimaginative to compete with Mikhail Gorbachev." In an accompanying article, then-Washington Bureau Chief Strobe Talbott announced that Bush had "restored a degree of credibility and seriousness to the American conduct of arms control that has been missing for a decade." In contrast, Ronald Reagan and his "cadre of ideologues" promoted "obstinate policies," and spent their time "fantasizing about a perfect space-based defense." The accompanying picture included full facial shots of Jimmy Carter and George Bush, with a partial shot of Reagan between them, being squeezed out of the bottom of the picture. The caption: "Restoring a degree of credibility."

Little editorials, indeed. □

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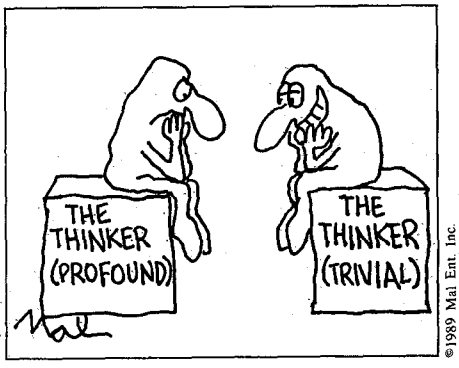
WHOSE COMPETENCE?

To make any system of criminal justice work, it is necessary to presume that a person accused of an offense is innocent until proven guilty. We Americans are familiar with our right to be presumed innocent and are justly proud of it. But to make our system work, it is now also necessary that we presume that the defendant is psychiatrically fit to stand trial until proven otherwise. Although this assumption is just as important as the assumption about guilt or innocence, the public is unfamiliar with it and the media pay scant attention to it. Moreover, if our interest in the mental competence of the defendant is sincere, because we want to protect him from being tried unfairly, then we ought to be equally concerned, and for the same reason, about the competence of all of the dramatis personae in this morality play. Consider the following two scenarios.

Scenario 1: The defendant is a famous figure on trial for lying to Congress under oath and other sensational charges. The judge and the attorneys are seasoned courtroom performers. To protect the defendant's right to a fair trial, prospective jurors are asked whether they or any members of their families have been parties to or witnesses in any courtroom proceedings. One prospective juror, subsequently selected to serve, answers no. She is also asked whether she has heard of any of nearly two hundred people, among them the current President and his predecessor, and again she answers in the negative. After the trial we learn that one of her brothers had been convicted and served time for armed robbery. When questioned, she explains: "It left my mind because I didn't want to think about it . . . I forgot about it after I shed tears." She also forgot that two of her other brothers had also "been arrested at various times." Question: Was this person competent? Was the pre-trial interrogation intended to test her competence, and, if so, was her performance adjudged adequate to establish her fitness to serve as a juror?

Scenario 2: A man of no evident distinction or merit is accused of killing his wife by shooting her eight times with an assault rifle. After the shooting, he goes to a suburban airport, commandeers a small plane, flies over the city strafing the streets with gunfire, buzzes the control tower of the city's airport, forcing the workers to flee and close down the airport, and safely lands the plane. He is apprehended, charged, and ordered to undergo pre-trial psychiatric examination to determine his fitness to stand trial. In due course he is declared unfit, denying him his Sixth Amendment right to a speedy trial. Question: Which requires more mental competence: to perform the criminal acts described or to sit in a courtroom and be defended by one's attorney (assuming that the defendant prefers to be defended rather than punished as prescribed by law)? The evidence of this man's competence as a criminal—killing his wife, stealing a plane, shooting from it—is not contested and is open to public view. The evidence of his (alleged) lack of competence to be a defendant is arcane, hidden from public view, and in fact fabricated by "experts" to fit the desires of their employers.



These are, of course, not imaginary scenarios. The first is a thumbnail sketch of the Oliver North trial and the role of juror Tara Leigh King in it. The second is a thumbnail sketch of the deed of a gentleman named Alfred Hunter and the diversion of his case by Brockton (Massachusetts) District Court Judge Charles E. Black from the criminal-justice system to the psychiatric-"treatment" system. Note that in the North trial, a prospective juror who did not recognize the names of President Bush and former President Reagan (or answered the question about them mendaciously) was considered mentally competent to serve as a juror. If she was indeed that ignorant, then, no doubt, she wasn't "biased" about Mr. North. But if she was so "out of touch with reality" as not to know who the President is (a standard psychiatric-test question), how could she be competent to determine the legality or illegality of the defendant's conduct? On the other hand, an obscure man in an obscure courtroom whose pre-trial conduct was prima-facie evidence of a high level of mental competence was declared incompetent to act as a defendant.

It is true, of course, that every role or task requires a different kind of competence: playing the piano one kind, playing tennis another. Just so with the different players in the courtroom. But this objection misses the point of my argument, which is this: We do not require that, as a condition of exercising the *privilege* of playing the role of judge, prosecuting attorney, defense attorney, or juror, the candidates for these roles first successfully pass a psychiatric examination; but we *do* require that, as a condition of exercising this *constitutional right* to trial, the defendant—the weakest, most de-

(Continues on page 60)

Dr. Szasz is a professor of psychiatry at the SUNY Health Science Center in Syracuse, New York, and the author of The Myth of Mental Illness.

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ASIAN-AMERICANS

As businessmen, professionals, and scientists, Asian-Americans do very well indeed; as an attention-getting minority group, they're underachievers. There's an enormous untapped reservoir of energy and money here for whichever political party notices them first.

THE INVISIBLE SUCCESS STORY

STUART ROTHENBERG

Ask most Americans to name a half-dozen famous Asian-Americans, and you'll probably come up with a list that includes television news personality Connie Chung and fictional detective Charlie Chan. The young tennis star Michael Chang was briefly famous this spring; readers of the business pages would add An Wang to the list, while arts and architecture types would mention I. M. Pei, Yo Yo Ma, and Seiji Ozawa. A handful of politically active Californians might mention the state's Secretary of State, March Fong Eu, onetime United States Senator S. I. Hayakawa, and Los Angeles City Councilman Mike Woo. But in any case, the lists will be short.

That may change in the next few years as demographers and political analysts focus on the increased importance of Americans of Asian descent. Whether they have been involved in raising money for their favorite candidates or lobbying for particular pieces of legislation, Asian-Americans have demonstrated an ability to operate within the political system. The question is whether their political clout will ever reach its potential, as differences within the community and a surprisingly low level of electoral activity limit their impact.

Americans of Asian descent constituted only about 1.6 per cent of the nation's total population in 1980, but they are the fastest-growing minority in the country. Numbering 3.5 million when the decade began, they are projected to number 6.5 million in next year's census. Like Jews, Asian-Americans are concentrated in a few areas—particularly the West Coast and Hawaii, but also large cities like New York, Chicago, and Washington, D.C. They are emerging as a potentially crucial electoral force in part because of their growing political importance in California, the nation's most populous state and the possessor of 47 Electoral College votes.

The 1980 census identified more than a dozen Asian groups in the United States, ranging from Chinese and Japanese to Hmong and Cambodian. Americans of Japanese, Chinese, and Filipino ancestry, however, accounted for about two-thirds of all Asian-Americans (see table). Taken as a group, America's Asian population is relatively prosperous and well-educated. Three-quarters are high-school graduates, more than one-third have four or more years of college (double the national average), and almost 30 per cent are in managerial and professional occupations. The Asian-American median family income of $23,095 in 1980 was $3,000 more than the national figure.

But aggregate figures hide a great diversity. The Japanese, one of the first Asian groups to come to this country, are older and have both more schooling and a higher median income than other Asian-Americans. In fact, they exceed the national average in virtually every category. This, no doubt, has given rise to the stereotype of Asian-Americans as well-to-do, Ivy League professionals. Recent immigrant groups are not so fortunate. The median age of Vietnamese-Americans (21.5 years) is far below the national average (30.0 years), and more than a third of Vietnamese families in the United States live in poverty.

It is not surprising that there is a certain uncomfortable relationship between successful Asians and those of little schooling and wealth, as well as among various traditionally antipathetic nationalities. Well-to-do, assimilated Asian-Americans fear that California's Asian gangs reflect poorly on them, and some Chinese and Koreans have not completely overcome the dislike their families have held for the Japanese.

Last year, for example, the Los Angeles Commission on Human Relations was called in to investigate heightened tensions at Gardena High School. Gardena traditionally has

Asians in the United States, 1980

	Population	Percentage
Chinese	812,178	23.4
Filipino	781,894	22.6
Japanese	716,331	20.7
Asian Indian	387,223	11.2
Korean	357,393	10.3
Vietnamese	245,025	7.1
Laotian	47,683	1.4
Thai	45,279	1.3
All Others	73,868	2.1
Total Asian	3,466,874	

Source: 1980 Census

Mr. Rothenberg is director of the Free Congress Center for Government & Politics, as well as editor of The Political Report.

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Jennifer Lawson

been a heavily Japanese area, but recently there has been an influx of Koreans. A number of fights had broken out between the two ethnic groups, and, according to one commission staffer, "the Korean students told the Japanese that they deserved to be beaten up because of what Japan had done to Korea." For their part, the Japanese students, most of whom were born in this country, appeared to look down on the Koreans because of their difficulty with English and lack of familiarity with American culture.

Besides being a heterogeneous group, Asian-Americans are very different from other American minorities. Their voting preferences resemble the white (Anglo) electorate's, even if their rate of participation is far lower. In addition, there are issues, such as anti-Asian violence, educational quotas, and redress and reparations for those interned during World War II that unite them. And there is the most obvious common denominator: race. "When I walk into a Chinese laundry or speak before a Filipino group and look out at the faces, there is a sense of immediate identification," says Grant Ujifusa, a third-generation Japanese-American and co-author of *The Almanac of American Politics*.

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT to get entirely satisfactory data on Asian-American political behavior, primarily because polls of the electorate include so few Asian-Americans. The data that exist, however, strongly suggest that this group is Democratic on paper but Republican in practice.

A 1988 NBC News/*Wall Street Journal* election-day exit poll found the Democratic Party with an eight-percentage-point advantage in registration among Asian-Americans, but found the Democrats and Republicans evenly split in party identification. Self-identification is a far better measure of a voter's true preferences, since registration is usually the last thing people change. In both registration and self-identification, Asian-Americans are far closer to white non-Hispanic than to black or Hispanic political preferences.

Furthermore, Asian-Americans' support for Republican presidential candidates exceeds their level of GOP identification. ABC News's election-night exit poll showed George Bush beating Michael Dukakis 54 per cent to 44 per cent among Asian-Americans. In contrast, two out of three Hispanics and nine out of ten blacks voted for Dukakis.

Part of Bush's electoral success among Asian-Americans was tied to the group's general satisfaction with the direction of the country during the Reagan Administration. A substantial 55 per cent of Asian-Americans told NBC/*Wall Street Journal* exit-pollsters that they approved of the President's performance, while only 29 per cent disapproved. In addition, 53 per cent of Asian-Americans said the country was moving in the right direction, while only 39 per cent said it was on the wrong track. The electorate overall had a markedly different view, with a plurality, 48 per cent, saying the country was on the wrong track.

Of course, the Asian-American preference for Republican candidates did not begin last November. The *Los Angeles Times* found Ronald Reagan winning over 70 per cent of the Asian-American vote in 1984, compared with 58 per cent of the vote overall. And combined responses from surveys conducted in California throughout 1988 by the Houston-based Tarrance & Associates found that the incumbent Republican Senator Pete Wilson, who was seeking re-election, had a ten-percentage-point margin over the Democratic challenger, Lieutenant Governor Leo McCarthy, among Americans of Asian ancestry. Wilson apparently made points with the state's Asians by his support for redress and the appointment of a Chinese-American to the federal bench.

Other California surveys offer further evidence of the Republican trend among Asian-Americans. ABC News's exit poll in the state showed the Bush-Quayle ticket carrying 61 per cent of Asian-Americans, almost ten points better than the ticket did among all state voters. According to a 1984 survey of California minorities by California Institute of Technology professors Bruce Cain and Roderick Kiewiet, two-thirds of the state's Asians voted for Ronald Reagan against Walter Mondale in 1984. Only 6 per cent of the state's blacks and 36 per cent of the state's Hispanics also voted for another four years of Reaganism (the President carried the state with 58 per cent).

These results are particularly important because Asian-Americans constitute about 7 per cent of California's total population, and the 1990 census is expected to show them as the state's second largest minority (behind Hispanics but ahead of blacks). That is surely why the state parties are looking for innovative ways to attract Asians. "We've had enormous success at going to citizenship swearing-in ceremonies and registering voters," says John Hoy, executive director of the California Republican Party. "We have been particularly successful with new Vietnamese citizens."

There are, to be sure, political differences among Asian-Americans. The Chinese appear to be more Republican, while the Filipinos are more Democratic. But as a group, when Asian-Americans vote in this country, they behave much more like white non-Hispanic voters than like blacks or Hispanics. If that trend continues, they could help offset Democratic electoral gains in California among more traditional "minority" groups.

WHILE ASIAN-AMERICAN preferences are much closer to those of the country as a whole than to those of other minorities, their *extent* of participation is far below the national average. In their 1987 California study "Political Participation of Ethnic Minorities in the 1980s," Carole Uhlaner, Bruce Cain, and Rodney Kiewiet found that Asian-Americans and Hispanics trailed white →

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Advance Australia Fair

IT USED TO BE that when the Aussies sang "Advance Australia Fair" they meant it literally: fair-skinned Australians, that is. But in the relatively brief period since the Second World War the country has become something of an antipodal melting pot, to the point where Australia today has a third as many Maltese as live in Malta, Melbourne is the largest Greek city after Athens, and pasta has a good shot at replacing the foul vegemite as the national dish. The problem—or so many Australians see it—is that, over the last decade or so, instead of names like Lorenzo and Theodoracopulos, new immigrants have names like Kwok, Chan, and Ngo.

The feeling among some elements here is that this non-European wave of immigration threatens the (undefined) "Australian way of life." Yet the current ruckus dates from last year, Australia's bicentenary, when, in answer to a question, the leader of the opposition, the Liberal John Howard, stated that "it would be in our immediate-term interests and supportive of social cohesion if it [Asian immigration] were slowed down a little." After that, his National Party coalition partners went even further in their calls to curb the Asian intake; several of Mr. Howard's Liberal colleagues crossed the floor to vote against him. Although it fortunately did nothing to change Australia's immigration policy, the affair was not without its costs: according to the government, the anxiety the controversy aroused among would-be immigrants could cost the country as much as $304.5 million in lost business investment.

Given the local tensions that changes in immigration patterns always cause in the short term, it's not surprising that someone tried to capitalize on white resentment. What *is* surprising is that the effort issued from the Liberal benches of Parliament. It was the Liberals under Malcolm Fraser a decade ago who initiated the major shift in policy from a rigid assimilationism to multiculturalism, and until Mr. Howard opened his mouth his party continued to enjoy the virtually unqualified support of the people whose entry he proposed to curb. For despite Labor Prime Minister Bob Hawke's evident willingness to ladle out as many multicultural dollars as it takes to buy the ethnic vote, Labor's history as the party of "white Australia" is still vividly remembered.

True enough, Australia under Labor dominance was traditionally a land of opportunity: it didn't matter whether you had pinched the master's silver back in England or taken a potshot at a member of Her Majesty's local constabulary during one of Ireland's not infrequent rebellions. But you had to be of the right hue. This was the workingman's liberality expressed by the gold-diggers of New South Wales in the 1860s, when they invited "all men, except Chinamen, to enroll themselves" in the newly formed miners' protection league. At the turn of the century the first national Labor platform would make this even more explicit by calling for "the total exclusion of colored and other undesirables." But it was left to a Labor minister for immigration, Arthur Calwell, to put it most memorably when, in a 1947 parliamentary debate, he opined that "two Wongs don't make a white."

In the rush to atone for Australia's past, multiculturalism, like our affirmative action, unfortunately zoomed past the ideal of treating people the same regardless of race to a policy in which differences are encouraged at taxpayer expense. The result has been a staggering range of subsidies, everything from grants to the "Association of Turks from Bulgaria in Australia" to the establishment of a multicultural TV channel that nobody watches except when it is broadcasting dirty French films. Although many legitimate proponents of multiculturalism (generally on the Right) insist on the primacy of the rule of law and the English language, to the average Aussie out by his barbie it probably seems that the only culture *not* being promoted is his. Indeed there is a tendency among the Left's multiculturalists to treat the landing of Captain Arthur Phillip, RN, in 1788 as though it were somehow a giant setback for the continent. This tendency in turn is fed by guilt over the treatment of the aborigines.

Yet it is astounding that these same intellectuals never point out that Australia is one of the world's oldest democracies, and that it is without a doubt the most liberal and least racist country in the Orient. This is evidenced by the hundreds of thousands of Chinese, Vietnamese, and other Asians who have gone there and the even larger number who would like to. Nor does anyone note that the previous waves of immigrants, those from southern and Eastern Europe, were not particularly welcomed, yet were nonetheless absorbed peacefully without any subsidized multiculturalism. Furthermore, the failure to define multiculturalism has meant that the scams it has spawned have become inextricably linked with immigration itself. That's a pity, because it has happened at the moment when Australia is benefiting most from the moral and economic dynamism the Asians bring with them. It is hardly fair, moreover, to blame these immigrants for policies they didn't pass and don't much seem to want.

IN HIS BOOK *The Australians* Ross Terrill observed that "it is a widespread view that all values and traditions are of equal validity and that Australia, like a customer in a supermarket of World Culture, should shop around for a snazzy new collection." This confusion of pluralism with relativism permeates the political policies of multiculturalism and is more pernicious than even the out-and-out racism among a tiny percentage of Australians. The great irony is that the Australians themselves appear to be the only ones in the entire East who don't realize that it is Australia's Westernness that makes it so attractive to the people all over the world who each year apply to get in.

—WILLIAM MCGURN

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→ non-Hispanics and blacks noticeably both in registration and in actual voting. Americans of Asian descent were also far less willing than other minorities to display a poster or sticker on their cars, a frequently used measure of political involvement.

Two other recent studies—one of Asian-Americans in selected areas in Los Angeles and another of Japanese and Chinese in selected areas in San Francisco—found registration of Asian-Americans to be only a fraction of registration of all Americans. The Los Angeles study, conducted by the UCLA Pacific American Voters Project, found about 43 per cent of Japanese and 35.5 per cent of Chinese registered, with other groups like Samoans (28.5 per cent), Koreans (13.0 per cent), and Vietnamese (4.1 per cent) trailing. The San Francisco study found even lower rates of registration for Japanese-Americans and Chinese-Americans.

Normally, the rate of voting increases with increased amounts of education and income, but Uhlaner, Cain, and Kiewiet found no such trend among Asian-Americans. In the Los Angeles/UCLA study, South Pasadena's Asian-Americans had a much higher mean family income ($32,000, compared to $27,000), a higher proportion of college-educated, and a greater percentage of professionals and managers than the overall population of South Pasadena, but their registration rate was only slightly more than one-half the total population's rate. In other words, increased income, education, and status among Asian-Americans has *not* led to dramatically increased electoral participation, probably because many Asian-American immigrants have limited facility with English, an incomplete understanding of the American political system, and relatively little political socialization in mass democracy. "Some Asians ignore politics because it doesn't fit with the Confucian view of what is important. To others, it's simply a matter of someone's mother saying, 'Don't waste your time in politics. Go to dental school,' " says Grant Ujifusa.

But while Asian-Americans have low registration rates, it would be a mistake to assume that they are invisible politically. "If you look just at voting, you'd say Asian-Americans don't care about politics. That simply isn't true. Look at the newspapers they read and at their organizations, and you'll see exceptional interest," says Don Nakanishi, associate director of UCLA's Asian-American Studies Center.

Asian-American political activism has so far focused on a small number of issues of great importance to the community. Last year, for example, the Japanese-American community lobbied extensively to ensure that Congress would pass and the President would sign redress and reparations legislation. Beyond that, Asian-Americans have been involved in the debate over international trade, U.S.-Taiwan relations, and bilingual education.

The financial success of some Asian-Americans is also thrusting them into politics. A Democratic fundraiser in California last September reportedly raised over $200,000 from forty Chinese-Americans, and S. B. Woo, the Delaware lieutenant governor who ran for the Senate (unsuccessfully) as a Democrat, raised a majority of his funds among Chinese-Americans. Other candidates on both sides of the political aisle also raised campaign funds from Americans of Asian descent.

One congressman, Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.), has made particular headway among Filipinos. "The Filipino community really loves him for what he has done in the pre- and post-Marcos era," says Democratic political consultant Peter Fenn of Fenn & King Communications. Solarz has a national direct-mail program to all sorts of groups, of which Filipinos are one. "The Filipino response has exceeded our wildest expectations in terms of number of respondents and amount of money coming in," notes Fenn.

Since Asian-Americans are contributing to campaigns, it's not surprising that some of them have become top fundraisers. Democrat Maria L. Hsia, for example, who immigrated from Taiwan less than two decades ago, was described by the *Los Angeles Times* magazine as "at the center of a predominantly Asian group of fundraisers rapidly emerging as a major force in the hotly competitive Los Angeles political-money scene."

RECENT SURVEYS suggest that Asian-Americans are no different from other voters when it comes to issues: they respond to particular questions depending on how they are phrased and how the issues have been framed in public debate. In NBC's 1988 exit poll, Asian-American voters did seem more interested in foreign policy than other voters, but they differed very little when asked whether they would support increased taxes to protect the nation's environment or to provide better health care. And Asian responses on defense spending were virtually identical with the general electorate's. Over 80 per cent of those Asian-Americans polled in 1988 by the Field Institute said they opposed affirmative action in the workplace and in college admissions for Asians, further proof that they don't see themselves as an embattled minority.

There are, of course, some tricky issues which pose problems and offer potential for the two parties. A Republican Party which drags its feet in providing compensation to those sent to detention camps during the war would be seen as insensitive. On the other hand, the GOP would benefit from a continued emphasis on cultural issues, and from a perception that the Democrats still don't understand the values of Middle America. Black-Asian animosity, which has cropped up from time to time, surely would also drive Asians to the GOP, just as anti-Asian discrimination by whites could cause Asians to think of themselves more as a minority, and hence more Democratic.

As younger Americanized (and American-born) Asians enter their adult years, they are likely to become more involved in politics. And some Asian activists, like Robin Wu, civil-rights-program developer for Chinese for Affirmative Action, a San Francisco-based advocacy group, argue that any increase in the number of Asian candidates will produce increased political involvement in the Asian-American community. Developments in the domestic economy or the countries they left—such as those that took place recently in China—could also alter Asians' political consciousness.

But the future partisan attachment of Asian-Americans may ultimately come down to sheer hard work through grassroots organizing. The increased "courting" of Asians by candidates and parties could motivate and mobilize potential voters, thereby changing California's and the nation's political environment. As Otto Bos, Pete Wilson's campaign manager, says, "Ethnic politics is alive and well in California." And maybe across the country too. □

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PARADISE REGAINED

Joseph Sobran

The Vermont Papers: Recreating Democracy on a Human Scale, by Frank Bryan and John McClaughry (Chelsea Green, 308 pp., $18.95)

STATE AND LOCAL government has been vestigial ever since 1940, when an FDR hack (a Supreme Court Justice, as it happened) obliged his patron by opining that the Tenth Amendment was a mere "truism," no more than "declaratory" of the obvious fact that the states and the people get to keep whatever the Federal Government doesn't take away from them. (Not many have discerned that whenever the Supreme Court announces a constitutional right, it is likely to be thereby expanding federal power.)

Frank Bryan and John McClaughry want to reverse the process of centralizing power that has been, until lately, almost universally equated with progress, or at least inevitability. *The Vermont Papers: Recreating Democracy on a Human Scale* presents both their scheme and a charming, informative portrait of their home state, which they see as a sort of backward bellwether for the nation.

A bit of history: Vermont has been a blessed state, overlooked by the Industrial Revolution. To this day it lacks a metropolis. From 1850 to 1950, the state's population grew only one-28th as fast as the rest of the country's, from 314,000 to 378,000. At the same time, the population shifted from farms to towns, so that forests returned to much of the land that had earlier been cleared. As Bryan and McClaughry tell it: "Meadows vanished, fences crumbled, stone walls disappeared under sumac and thorn apple. Roads were abandoned. Buildings rotted and fell. Cellar holes grew to burdock." By 1960 there was one deer for every three Vermonters. But from 1960 to 1970 the population jumped 14 per cent, mostly in the countryside, thanks to an influx of refugees from New York City.

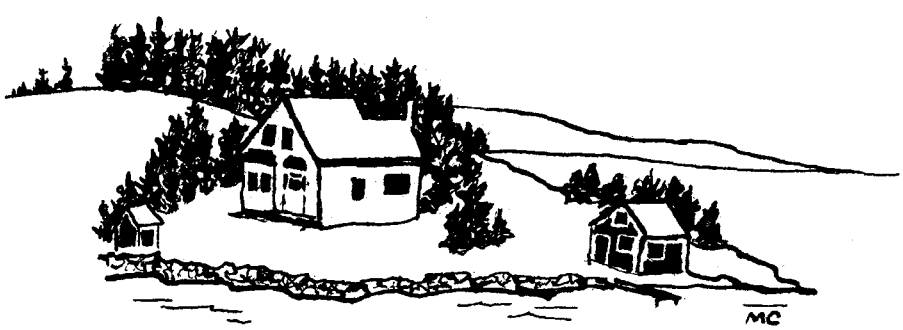
In the authors' view, these immigrants hold both hope and peril for Vermont. You can take the boy out of the city, but it's harder to take the city out of the boy. The highly educated newcomers are enabling Vermont to go straight from the pre-industrial to the high-tech era without a displaced factory population to drag. But they've found it hard to shake their citified ways, and without exactly meaning to they've conspired with some of the natives to "modernize" Vermont, forgetting it was modernity (of a sort) they had fled in the first place.

"Vermont's leadership (native and newcomer alike) is caught up in the second-wave, urban-industrial mindset. Most of our political leaders were trained by professors who defined rural as backward and urban as modern. And so the great potential these newcomers represent is actually dysfunctional." Their mindset has brought Vermont a wave of "bureaucratization and credentialism."

The authors don't pretend Vermont was a postcard of rustic bliss before the invaders came. In fact, the newcomers have tended to try to impose, by law and bureaucratic control, their own preconceptions of "pastoral simplicity."

Take the "junk-yard law." Poor Vermonters like to keep old cars in their yards. Unsightly? Sure. "Yet junk cars are a classic example of recycling. For many they are a source of economic security. They are used for spare parts for a car that does run. They also make useful outbuildings in which to store tools and equipment and other stuff that someday you might need. They are good for sitting on in the evening while talking to a neighbor. They make handy chicken coops. They protect grain bags from the rain. They are great for kids to play around—perfect for hide-and-seek." The men who wrote that passage are political scientists. There's hope for us all.

The authors' intimacy with and affection for such homely quirks of country life lead them to a novel approach to government, and here their theoretical skills serve them well. Their bright idea is the shire. "We need



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new governments bigger than towns yet smaller than Vermont's vestigial counties. They must draw their power down from the state rather than up from the towns. To achieve this, Vermont must change more radically than any other American state has ever changed. The central government must shrink to one-quarter its current size—become unrecognizable by current standards."

Put otherwise, Bryan and McClaughry want the shires to be not what the counties currently are, a mere administrative subdivision of state government (as the states are becoming mere subdivisions of the federal amalgamation), but *sovereignties*. State functions would be "precious few," while "the great bulk of state spending programs (education, welfare, mental health, even roads) will devolve to the new shire governments," which would be based on clusters of towns.

Their model is the (original) federal system. "Delegated powers go to the state, reserved powers to the shires. The new Vermont Constitution will instruct the courts to interpret a new necessary-and-proper clause as narrowly as possible, always with the presumption that power resides in the shires." The point is reiterated: "In Vermont the localities will no longer be the creatures of the state. The state will be the creature of its localities."

These guys are serious. Not only would the shire have its own school and welfare system, it would have a flag and militia too. They envision intense shire patriotism. *The Vermont Papers* is full of maps and charts showing possible boundaries and administrative structures for the new system. Most of the book details the disadvantages of centralism and the merits of their reform, all in prose as crisp as what I've already quoted.

There's something infectious about the notion that if Vermont leads the way, the rest of mankind will follow. For my part, I'm ready. And I expect that Mikhail Gorbachev would be receptive. Though not novel, pre-dating as it does the men we call the Founding Fathers, the idea is so old it's new again.

Bryan and McClaughry deliver it without the sort of cant that gives the reader instant ideological orientation. The book's few buzzwords are mostly liberal, but don't be misled. The authors are cunningly weaning liberals from the habit of a lifetime, big central government. I wonder if some of the progressive souls who've blurbed this book understand what they've gone and endorsed. □

SEEDLINGS OF DEMOCRACY

Herbert London

The Struggle for Democracy, by Benjamin Barber and Patrick Watson (Little, Brown, 298 pp., $29.95)

THE WORLDWIDE STRUGGLE for democracy, extending to the unlikeliest of places (the Soviet empire and Communist China), is the central event of this era. How these democracies will form or whether they will emerge at all are questions whose answers elude the pundits. But on one issue there is agreement: democracy *is* blossoming. In some quarters there is the belief that 1989 will be recorded as an historic year, somewhat analogous to 1848.

Benjamin Barber and Patrick Watson have attempted to capture these aspirations in their book (and in the multi-part PBS series it accompanies) *The Struggle for Democracy*. As the authors contend, use of the word "democracy" is ubiquitous, and most nations lay claim to the designation. However (and this is a distinction the authors are rather too reluctant to make), "peoples' republics" and "democratic republics" are, in Orwellian fashion, as often as not totalitarian states, and to rely upon governmental self-description is to encourage ambiguity about the nature of democracy.

Watson, the Canadian Walter Cronkite, managed to arrange an interview with Muammar Qaddafi, who claims to be the embodiment of the Libyan people's will—a claim most totalitarians make. Yet the authors suggest that ". . . despite our skepticism, Qaddafi's 'democracy' is worthy of attention because it illustrates the difficulty of defining what democracy really is, in cultures that lack Western traditions of free government." It should be clear, even to these "skeptics," that when citizens are not free to exert individual will, one of democracy's quintessential features is missing. To value *at all* the Libyan leader's claim to a democracy with "no state, no government, and no bureaucracy" is to blur the definition of democracy beyond recognition. "History," the authors contend, "will decide soon enough whether Libya's 'democratic' experiment is bogus or authentic," but surely that judgment is already self-evident.

Post-Enlightenment democracy reflects subtle tensions: between security and freedom, individualism and equality, mastery and liberation, conservation and change. By any measure democracy is disorderly, and, up to a point, its nature is in the eye of the beholder. For Hobbes, democracy is an experiment to mitigate the natural condition, "the war of all against all." For Rousseau, it is the manifestation of an egalitarian nature. For Locke, it is a trustee of the rights and liberties of individuals. Indeed, there is no single, ever-reliable definition.

But democracy is not simply the manifest form of the people's desires. It is, rather, a delicate balance between majority will and minority rights, co-existing in a framework of legal authority. In America, it was born in a spirit of moderation. The Founders struggled with the difficulty of balancing the need for a strong and central government, which would assure unity and security, with the interests of many and varied individuals, who claimed rights and privileges. Democracy in its purest form, the Founders knew, was mobocracy; but without liberty, "democracy" is meaningless. From their disputes, there emerged a Constitution that set ambition against ambition, localities against central authority, and individuals against the state in a condition of splendid ambiguity.

The American Eden succeeded in part because the nation itself is the romantic *tabula rasa*, a frontier nation

Mr. London is dean of the Gallatin Division of New York Uiversity and a senior fellow of the Hudson Institute and of the National Strategy Information Center.

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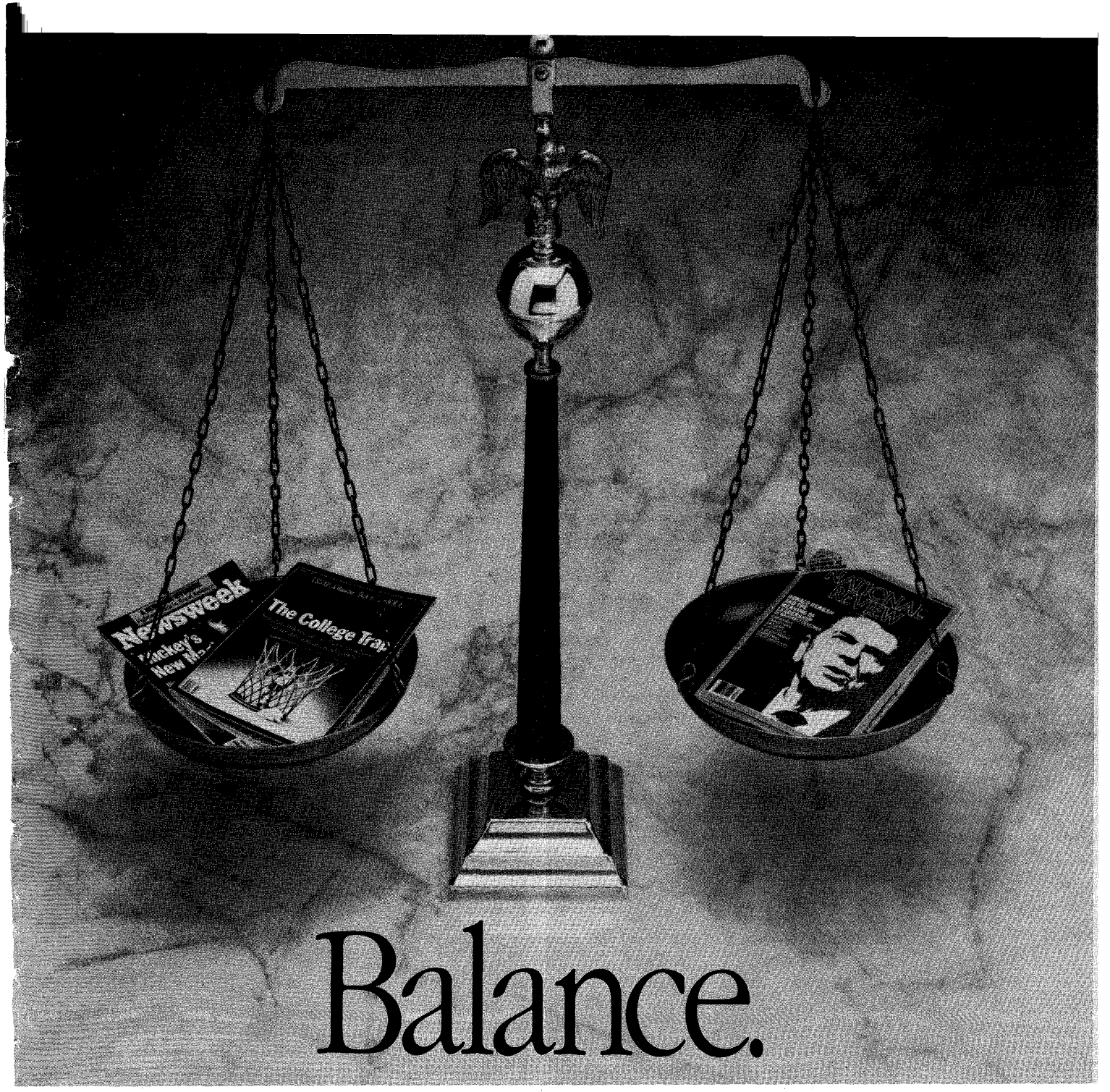

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ IT'S A MATCH: Jane Fonda may have half-heartedly apologized last year for having visited North Vietnam in 1970 and posed playfully atop an anti-aircraft gun used to shoot down American planes, but be assured she hasn't given up the fight. That fight—against the Vietnam War, 14 years now after the fall of Saigon—has recently led her to Neil Sheehan's Pulitzer Prize-winning and appropriately titled best-seller, *A Bright Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam* (Random House). In conjunction with Warner Brothers and the Guber-Peters Company, an independent production company responsible for such box-office knockouts as *The Color Purple*, *Rain Man*, and *Batman*, Hanoi Jane's own Fonda Films has secured the movie rights to Sheehan's book.

One thing's for sure: Sheehan and Miss Fonda make a logical match. Miss Fonda's political career of the early Seventies—during which she denounced U.S. servicemen as "war criminals" and Richard Nixon as "a new-type Hitler"—is notorious, of course. For his part, in his account of the career of the American commander John Paul Vann, Sheehan depicts the American effort as a pointless exercise in neo-imperialism and Ho Chi Minh as a kind of Indochinese George Washington. As Peter Brimelow said of the book in our March 10 issue, "Its uncritical reception is a devastating condemnation of the American intelligentsia. In itself, it goes far toward explaining why the cause of freedom was defeated in Vietnam." According to Sheehan's agent in Los Angeles, writers have already been hired and set to work turning Sheehan's 861 pages into a bright shining screenplay, to be produced ASAP by Miss Fonda's consortium.

☐ DOOMSDAY, THE SEQUEL: Whatever it says about the integrity of its practitioners, you have to admit it's a shrewd book-selling strategy, a kind of literary-world protection racket. The idea is, you write a book forecasting certain doom—political, economic, whatever—create a sensation, wait a couple of years, then come back big with a best-selling sequel, explaining that the collapse of the West is not in fact inevitable: it can be averted if only the reader and/or his elected representatives will follow these few simple instructions, which the celebrated author has been kind enough to outline in his new book. . . . Until now cheeseball Indian economist Ravi Batra has been the most successful such racketeer in the business. His 1987 book *The Great Depression of 1990* (Simon & Schuster) predicts the collapse of nearly every national economy in the West and a subsequent depression lasting precisely seven years. When it came out, the book made headlines, spent more than thirty weeks on the *New York Times* hard- and paper-back best-seller lists, and sold more than a million copies. Batra's sequel, *Surviving the Great Depression of 1990* (Simon & Schuster), has so far been a best-seller for seven weeks and is due out in paperback from Dell this November.

Batra's game has recently been taken up by two comparatively tony writers. Alfred Malabre Jr. of the *Wall Street Journal* predicted economic doom in his 1987 book *Beyond Our Means: How America's Long Years of Debt, Deficits, and Reckless Borrowing Now Threaten to Overwhelm Us* (Random House), which *The New York Times Book Review* described as "scarier than anything by Stephen King." Malabre's prescriptive sequel will be, yes, *Within Our Means* (due out a year from now, also from Random House). Paul Kennedy, another Random House author, published *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* in 1988 and had everyone convinced that America's glory days as a "great power" were about to come to an end. A year later Kennedy is already at work on his sequel, *Preparing for the Twenty-First Century* (due out from Random House in late 1992), in which the Yale historian will offer policy options aimed at avoiding just the decline he predicted in *Rise and Fall*. Watch *The New York Review of Books* for an article he's been shopping around, excerpted from what he has written so far and titled "How to Remain Number One."

☐ WORLD OF BOOKS: Observed on Lexington Avenue subway line, around dinnertime: black transvestite in green bike cap, orange lipstick, sheer nylon bloomers, studying a slim paperback, *Countering the Conspiracy to Destroy Black Boys*.

—DAVID KLINGHOFFER

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where anyone can start over again. This is a legend we depend on. The frontier is a symbol of a land bursting with energy, and from Whitman to Kerouac dreams are realized on the road, as we criss-cross the landscape in search of a new life. The restless spirit is nurtured in the national ethos—it *is* the national ethos. This assurance of freedom, both physical and spiritual, is the basis of democracy.

To describe U.S. democracy as simply political, as Barber and Watson do, is to mistake an outward architecture for an inward spirit. As Michael Novak quite rightly notes, the American democratic spirit is one part political, one part economic, and one part cultural. These conditions are not easily duplicated in nations that aspire to democratic government, and there are critics who assert that democratic institutions cannot be created without a certain degree of economic development. However, these critics have been convincingly rebutted by Hernando de Soto and others, who have demonstrated that the economic requisites for democracy *can* exist in poor nations.

The odyssey toward democracy in Latin America over the last decade has seen both progress and regress. Democratic institutions may backslide when security cannot be guaranteed, as recent political developments in Bolivia and Brazil demonstrate. Indeed, democracy itself may seem an unaffordable luxury to people afraid to walk the streets at night. Disorderly democracy carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

Barber and Watson have attempted to weave a tapestry of democratic aspirations by writing about different nations in very different political situations. Predictably, their political anthropology sometimes involves tortured logic. To suggest, for instance, that the *mir*, or Russian peasant council, is the model for the modern *soviet* is to confuse form with substance; the *mir* really was representative while the *soviet* has been, until recently, merely a pretense of representation. Similarly, for the authors to contend that one-party rule is a legitimate democratic expression in black Africa, since it is compatible with tribal tradition, but then to contend that a whites-only democracy in South Africa is not legitimate, is quite simply hypocritical.

Even more distasteful are the bromides masquerading as serious reflection. The authors refer to the Bork nomination spectacle, for example, as being, like the Army-McCarthy hearings and the Watergate hearings, "an extraordinary instrument of civic education." But the Bork hearings were anything but a civics lesson; they were arguably a public character assassination. The price of Margaret Thatcher's economic reforms has not been "the growth of an impoverished underclass that is unemployed," since unemployment under Mrs. Thatcher is low compared to unemployment under her

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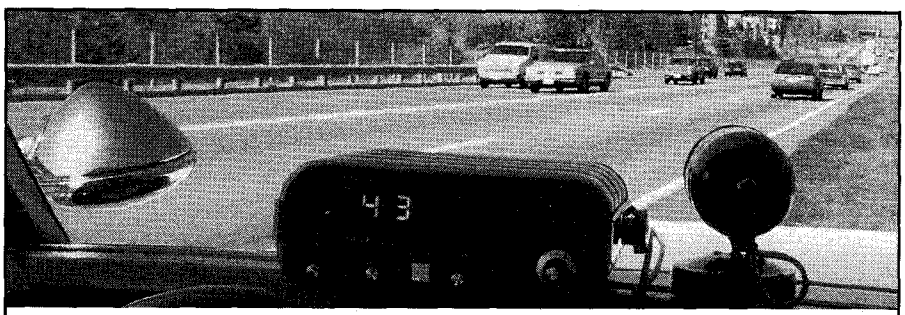
predecessors. And no matter how enamored of hyperbole one may be, Japanese-American relocation camps in the U.S. during World War II, however reprehensible, cannot be compared to concentration camps.

The desire to tell the story of democracy in a popular way is admirable, but the authors resort to such broad strokes across their global canvas that the shadings are lost. The emphasis is on common features, and the results are often banal or, like the authors' judgments, arbitrary. Whereas the true struggle for democracy, as witnessed in Tiananmen Square, is anything but banal or arbitrary.

The struggle continues in China and wherever else people desire free expression, representative government, and economic opportunity. In some places, that desire will be crushed, but, as Malcolm Muggeridge has noted, if the globe were covered with the cement of totalitarian rule, at some point a crack would form and from it would emerge a seedling of liberty. That aspiration is irrepressible. □



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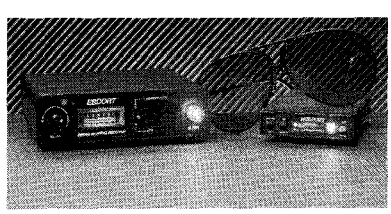

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HANNIBAL AD PORTAS

Brad Miner

Against the Night: Living in the New Dark Ages, by Charles Colson with Ellen Santilli Vaughn (Vine Books, 208 pp., $12.95)

THERE IS a temptation among writers (abetted by their usually unindicted co-conspirators, publishers) to affect voices of authority, even when their actual command of a topic is limited to the common ground of personal opinion; such opinions generally being the result of some *light* reading.

I am saying writers are not always as well informed as they may seem. A mortal sin? Hardly. But it is vexing when an honest man, one who by now has grown far beyond the scope of his original celebrity, a man with clear ideas and good stories to tell, allows himself to be distracted from what he *does* know (and knows well) by a formula demanding what he does *not* know. Chuck Colson's latest is in the mold of the "learned polemic," of which the most celebrated recent example is Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind.*

For some Americans, Colson will never live down the nutcracker image from his days as Nixon's special counsel. Too bad. More than any other prominent "born-again" figure of the last two decades, Charles Colson has truly surrendered himself to the will of God and changed his life. In true Christian spirit, he has established a worldwide prison apostolate (Prison Fellowship Ministries) and tirelessly dedicated his life to the services of others. This is a man on solid ground.

Why then, despite protestations of humility ("I claim no great originality for the thoughts contained in this book . . ."), has he produced a tome with pretensions to Bloom, Toynbee, or, more to the point, Albert Jay Nock? No doubt Colson and his gnome, Ellen Santilli Vaughn, *have* read lots of books, but *Against the*

Mr. Miner is NR*'s new literary editor.*

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Night is the sort of sweeping survey that only true scholarship does well. A plumber flying over the Rockies on a commercial airliner may admire the topography, but that does not make him a geologist. This book seems to have been prepared using *Bartlett's* and a one-volume encyclopedia. Its historicity is banal; its reference to classical authors (particularly in the pithy epigrams beginning each chapter) is shallow.

While it must be said that there is much good in *Against the Night*, the formula, which is no substitute for the erudition it apes, too often gets in the way of the reader's appreciation of Walker Percy, Russell Kirk, C. S. Lewis, or any of the other authors whose work is extensively quoted; when, that is, it is quoted aptly. Colson is at his best relating the crisis of moral values (which is the book's theme) to his own experiences with men behind bars, but in one potentially compelling anecdote about a visit to New York's Rikers Island Correctional Facility, Colson stumbles on the limits of his scholarship: "As I walked that cold cell block, I knew I was looking into the face of a new lost generation. It was a chilling scene, filled with a despair more deadly than anything ever recorded by Hemingway or Fitzgerald."

Ernest and F. Scott? Clearly the formulaic key was punched to read out references to "lost generation," and, to be sure, the stone killers at Rikers *are* despairing in a way the characters of those two great novelists are not, but the point is neither author *ever* wrote about inmates or, arguably, about deadly despair. That a cell block should be actually evocative of Hemingway or Fitzgerald is simply silly.

And the *Bartlett's*-izing of Colson's arguments leads him to some rather tenuous associations, as when he quotes Peter Berger *and* Arthur Schlesinger on the subject of "community" in the political order. How actually companionable are the views of these two men? In fact, not very.

Still, as jeremiads go, *Against the Night* is eloquent and readable. Colson's dark vision of our present is best summarized in a quote from Robert Bellah's *Habits of the Heart*, a work Colson much admires: "We have committed what to the republican founders of our nation was the cardinal sin. We have put our own good as individuals,

Lisa Haney

as groups, as a nation, ahead of the common good."

"Night" has descended on the family, the school, politics, and religion, and paths to a new morning are hard to find and harder to follow. We must seek our cultural salvation primarily at the hearth and at the altar. Other sources of power will certainly frustrate our efforts and probably fail us.

Against the onslaught of the new barbarians, Colson addresses methods of fortifying family and church. For the former he makes the sensible suggestions of tightening divorce laws, strengthening penalties against non-support by fathers, and, especially, committing ourselves to "godly priorities." And for the latter? "*The church*," Colson writes, "*must be the church*," meaning it must focus its efforts solely upon saving souls. "The church is not a tool to rebuild society."

On an individual level, Colson recommends conversion. His chapter "Metanoia" relates the return to the Catholic faith by, of all people, his old White House buddy, G. Gordon Liddy, and I must say, *that* man's repentance proves the point.

With conversion must come a passion for orthodoxy, for community, and, above all, for the "moral imagination," a phrase Colson takes from Burke through Russell Kirk. That moral imagination is nothing less than the recognition that reality is rooted in God.

The glibness of any exercise of the survey formula does provide at least one lasting benefit. It alerts the reader to the sources used by the surveyors, and, although this volume *is* to be recommended, those who wish a more authoritative treatment of the matters at issue (without the formulaic veneer of current events and with genuine scholarship) would be better advised to read Russell Kirk's *Wise Men Know What Wicked Things Are Written on the Sky* (Regnery Gateway). □

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FILM

THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES BLABBIN' ALONG

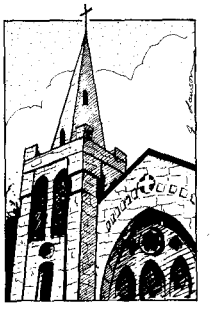
John Simon

LET ME come right out and say it: *Dead Poets Society* (naturally without an apostrophe) is the most dishonest movie I have seen in a long time. It is a particularly plummy specimen of the pseudo-sensitive, pseudo-serious, pseudo-real film. What is so distressing about the present state of affairs is that a picture as manifestly fake as this can get unlimited credit just for pretending to be serious. Here is what its producer says about the screenwriter: "Tom Schulman has done something remarkable. Instead of filling the screen with machinery, knights in armor, fast cars, or big guns—he has created an inspiring teacher whose warmth and ideas make him a larger-than-life character."

So it has come to that: merely because of what your film is *not* about, it has done something remarkable. That's like saying that because you do not pick fights with other bus-riders, do not run down pedestrians on the sidewalk with your bicycle, and do not relieve yourself on storefronts, you are a perfect gentleman. Sadly, though, when almost all movies are trashy and imbecile, seriousness of intent, however specious, is hailed as achievement.

And what about that "inspiring teacher whose warmth and ideas make him a larger-than-life character" —that Mr. Chips for our time; or at least for 1959, the time of the film? Robin Williams, who plays John Keating, makes his students rip the pedantic introduction (or, rather, absurd parody of an introduction) out of their poetry textbooks; has them walk around the courtyard each at his own pace only to fall into a common rhythm (to learn about lack of independence); gets them to attack a soccer ball after uttering some profound wish, and thus kick the ball with unprecedented force; invites them to follow him up to the top of his desk, "to look at things in a different way." When a boy is shy about speaking up in class, Keating writes on the blackboard: "I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world," and carries on like a raving (Whit)maniac to get the boy to utter loud yawps and free-associate while he whirls him about as the camera pans around with both of them.

Some of this may make a good English teacher, but much of it does not. Certainly saying, during that walking exercise, "Everyone started out with *their* own stride," is not worthy of a Groton-Exeter-Andoverish school, which this is supposed to be. But there are a great many more bizarre things here. For example, Keating conducts his first class out in the hall, with everyone standing and staring at framed photographs of students gone by: "*Carpe diem*, lads! Seize the day! Make your lives extraordinary. 'Cause we are food for worms, lads!" The class of 1902 is already "fertilizing daffodils." In 1959, these '02 graduates of Welton Academy would be in their mid seventies, and just as likely to be watering those daffodils as pushing them up. It's not a major lapse, but the movie is full of such disturbingly accumulating sloppinesses: "Gone, history," says Keating, in a way that smacks of the present-day "I'm history."



Such carelessness is everywhere. "I could care less about you," says Chris, the pretty blonde—two errors for the price of one: her slip, though common now, was unknown in 1959. When Neil Perry, our sensitive hero, gets cast as Puck in the neighboring girls' school's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he tells Tom, his martinet of a father, "I have the main part." No one would describe Puck as the main part in *Dream*, and the further implication is that Tom Perry doesn't know the play, even though he is a Welton graduate, for shame! When the evil headmaster, Mr. Nolan (played, significantly, by one of Hitchcock's villains), takes over Keating's poetry class, he asks the boys what they have been reading; it was mostly the romantics. "What about the realists?" he asks. Answer: "I believe we skipped over most of that, sir."

Well now, just who are these realist poets one can leapfrog over? Carl Sandburg? Edwin Markham? Edgar Lee Masters? There are no realists in the poetry syllabus; but if they existed, Keating could not have just skipped over them at a school such as Welton Academy without getting into trouble. Nor could he have used all his other unorthodox methods without getting more than a mild, belated caveat from Mr. Nolan, who, though he appears to have more eyes than Argus himself, remains pretty much in the dark about Keating's pedagogy until there is a crisis. But the crucial absurdity is Tom Perry's going bonkers over his son's playing Puck.

Neil, a senior in this prestigious prep school, is getting an A in every course. Yet his father has forbidden his being on the yearbook, so, to have an outside activity, he takes on this play. His performance as Puck, we are to understand, rates an A, too. Not only Keating, not only Neil's fellow members of the Dead Poets Society (more about that anon), but also the entire cast of *Dream*, the teachers of both schools, the assembled students and parents —everybody goes berserk with enthusiasm: standing ovation, thunderous applause, kisses and compliments from all. But Tom Perry watches this with a mounting, white-lipped, icily psychotic rage. He drives Neil home and informs him that he is transferring him to military school, so that he'll get into Harvard College and Medical School —after he finishes those, he can do as he likes.

Let's face it, Neil, who has only a little way to go to graduation from Welton with top honors, has a much better chance of getting into Harvard that way than coming from some military academy—always assuming that such a transfer is possible at this late stage. Would not any normal father, however little use he had for extracurricular activities, consider his son's acting success a trump card, proving to the Harvard admissions people that Neil, with his straight-A record, isn't just some academic drudge? And would not Neil's mother, whom Tom makes witness to this angry scene, interpose some defense of her boy? No: she's just a repressed, frightened, chain-smoking housewife. Ditto the mother of Neil's roommate, Todd; in a later scene in the headmaster's office, this good woman exudes mere silent fright. And Todd's father proves an equally mindless bully.

Consider the clichés: all through the

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confrontation with his dad, Neil clutches a chaplet made of twigs and ornamented with holly and mistletoe berries that he wore on stage as Puck; before he shoots himself with his father's gun, the half-naked boy puts the wreath on once more. It dawns on us that Peter Weir, the Australian director (unless it is Tom Schulman, the scenarist), wants us to perceive Neil as a Christ symbol. This is all the more absurd because what we see of Neil's performance as Puck, for which he is being crucified, was perfectly awful. And what about the idiocy of casting a boy who seems well over six feet as the mischievous goblin? A Robin Goodfellow that towers above all the rest is no Robin—maybe a flamingo.

While on the subject of preposterousness, let's examine John Keating more closely. A graduate of Welton, where he founded the Dead Poets Society—a group of boys meeting in a nearby cave to recite poetry at one another, an activity Neil and six friends have revived—he has been teaching at a British public school and has (or had) an English girlfriend whose picture now graces his desk. Why would anyone leave a good school and sweetheart in England to come back to teach and chafe at a center of spiritual sclerosis such as Welton? Or was he fired by his English school, just as he is, unjustly, from Welton? For having encouraged Neil to get his father's consent to being in the play (something the boy seems to have extorted over the telephone—the film fudges this), Keating is blamed for the suicide and dismissed. Surely, if a school wanted to hush up a scandal, it would not do so by firing a fine and innocent teacher, thereby, as it were, admitting his and the school's guilt.

But Keating is preposterous in more ways, especially as Robin Williams acts him. Williams cannot refrain from indulging in his impersonations—of Brando, old-style Old Vic Shakespeareans, and a host of others—in mockery that is far more vulgarly crowd-pleasing than inspiringly educational. And for an alleged intellectual, Keating's literary tastes are stunningly clichéd. Every poem or piece of prose he tosses at his class seems to come from some *First Book of Quotations* for the use of young children. I even predicted the exact moment at which one boy, under Keating's aegis, would impress a girl with "She walks in beauty," right on the heels of "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

Every adult in the film is either a tyrant or a hypocrite, a coward or a fool, or a combination of these. Except, of course, Keating. He can even perform miracles; how else would *Five Centuries of Verse*, a book that belonged to him as a student at Welton and bears his name, suddenly turn up in Neil's room, a mysterious materialization the film leaves unexplained? The ludicrous beastliness of the adults stretches to the point where boys to be questioned by the headmaster are summoned by a loud call from the bottom of the grand staircase by the slave-driving math teacher, only to be led up the stairs—in silhouette, no less—as if not to the headmaster's office but to the headsman's scaffold.

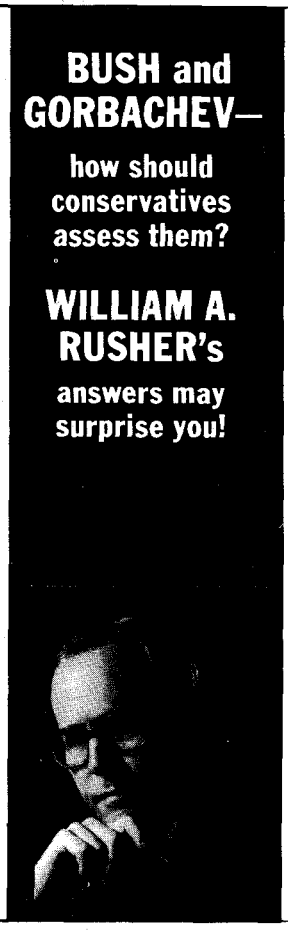
Still, why not? Tom Schulman was co-scenarist for *Honey, I Shrunk* [*sic*] *the Kids*; here, in the spirit of fair play, he shrank (or "shrunk") the adults. Why, Tom Perry, before going to sleep, lines up his slippers by his bedside as if they were soldiers on parade, to the millimeter. Earlier, Tom yelled at a teacher at his revered alma mater, "Keating, stay away from my son!" This desperately proper man would do no such thing. And he should not be played by Kurtwood Smith, who looks and acts like a model psychopath. But, then, Peter Weir is one of the most overrated directors around; in *Dead Poets Society*, he revels in picture-postcard shots of the passing seasons and allows Maurice Jarre, his composer, to back up shots of soccer practice with Händel and Beethoven, even as his cinematographer, John Seale, backs them up with deliquescent sunsets. What Mary McCarthy said about Lillian Hellman applies to this film: I wouldn't even trust its *and*s and *the*s. □

SECOND LOOK

WOULD BATMAN VOTE REPUBLICAN?

Martin Sieff

BATMAN seems destined to be *the* blockbuster of this decade of blockbusters. It recouped its $50-mil-



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lion production costs in its very first week and set records for biggest opening day, biggest first weekend, biggest seven days, and biggest second weekend. We are clearly looking at a phenomenon that will outstrip the *Star Wars* saga, *Jaws*, *Ghostbusters*, the Indiana Jones movies, and even the biggest of them all, *E.T.* It is fair to ask, then, why the fifty-year-old vigilante of Gotham City is so extraordinarily popular with the American people, and so unpopular with liberal intellectuals.

Well, the public loves the movie for all the same reasons liberals hate it. [For a dissenting view from our side, see John Simon's review in the August 18 issue.] This Batman is a criminologist in the Pat Buchanan mode. He does not attempt to "understand" evildoers—he throws them off skyscraper roofs. This is a Batman who believes in the death penalty and practices it. We are left in no doubt as to what *he* would have done to Willie Horton.

Although rightly compared to the great German impressionist cinema of the 1920s for its mood, music, and lighting, and for Anton Furst's astonishing sets, this *Batman*, directed by Tim Burton, actually harks back to an even earlier and more fabled tradition. He has made a mid-nineteenth-century opera, a *Batman* according to Wagner. The splendid, swelling theme by Danny Elfman captures this mood from the opening credits, and Michael Keaton's remarkable, underrated performance fills it out.

Keaton's Batman is filled with rage, but a rage that is tightly focused and morally directed. This is the Count of Monte Cristo brought up to date, a betrayed and brutalized little boy come home, unrecognizable in cape and mask, with wealth enough to wreak havoc in the name of justice. Alexandre Dumas would have approved.

It is also a Judaeo-Christian Batman, a complex character indeed, mired deep in guilt, hatred, and sublimated passion. He is the orphaned son of a multi-millionaire, dependent upon his butler, raised in a vast mansion, and owning an awesome collection of medieval weaponry. One senses that Bruce Wayne was never a hippie, wants no part of the New Age, and, like Captain Kirk in *Star Trek V*, does not want to "lose his pain," because his pain makes him what he is.

By contrast, his archenemy is truly a man of the 1980s. If Batman prowls the rooftops to the rhythms of romantic opera, Jack Nicholson's Joker jives to a very different beat. He is perfectly in tune with his feelings, and lets them all hang out. "I've been dead, and found it liberating," he tells his first victim. "I'm much happier now." Shirley MacLaine could not have put it better.

The Joker is the ultimate Nicholson role, the performance he has been groping toward for two decades. With his nihilist views of what constitutes art, with his mastery of televisual terror, Nicholson's Joker is a cross between Andy Warhol and Yasir Arafat. In a remarkable display of cultural wit, he sets up his artistic scenarios of terror to the music of Prince. The point is never stressed. It does not have to be. Rock is the handmaiden of nihilism and chaos. Liberal platitudes are powerless to defeat it. Only grand opera and a man dressed up as a giant bat can do the job.

This cinematic Joker is light-years above his comic-book incarnation. As written for DC Comics by Alan Moore, probably the most brilliant

Mr. Sieff is a foreign-desk editor at the Washington Times.

Boffo Bat B.O. Buoys Biz

MANY YEARS AGO, in the lobby of a Midwestern movie palace, I saw a sign propped up on an easel: "FIGHT PAY TV!" I didn't know what it meant then and I still don't (I suspect it was some sort of early pay-per-view scheme that theater owners wanted outlawed), but it was clearly a manifestation of the doom-and-gloom haunting Hollywood ever since the idiot box became the center of American life. If television is beating up on us now, Mr. John Q. Bijou reasoned in 1964, "pay TV" will murder us down the road. And this was before the advent of cable and the VCR.

Curious then, is it not, that the first half of 1989 has been the biggest, most profitable period in motion-picture history? And just how big *is* big? Why, $2.4 billion in the first six months. Holy greenbacks, Batman! We're a far way down Mr. Bijou's hard road, and it turns out to be made of yellow brick—gold, in fact.

The reasons for such success are well enough known: *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, *Ghostbusters II*, and, of course, *Batman*. It has been such a good summer that *Star Trek V* is considered a disappointment, having earned a mere $45 million in its first thirty days. Compare that to *Batman*'s initial two-week total of $140 million.

And this crop of talkies has got legs, as they say. Films you might have thought would lay eggs have, in fact, earned *big* bucks. *Honey I Shrunk the Kids*, *Dead Poets Society*, *Pet Sematary*, *Beaches*, and *Field of Dreams* have each earned more than $50 million. *Rain Man* (you thought it was just critically acclaimed), which opened a week before Christmas, has so far earned more than $170 million, placing it, astonishingly (and, perhaps, briefly), among the top ten on the all-time list. This is more than just ticket-price inflation.

Any wonder that major-studio stock prices have soared an average of 47 per cent through the second quarter? How much, one wonders, did *Batman* help Warner hold off hostile intruders into its Time, Inc., merger?

And now comes "Summer, the Sequel"—the dozen or more films slated for release before Labor Day, at least half of which have about them the sweet scent of blockbuster. Look at the stars: Mel Gibson and Danny Glover, Steven Martin, Tom Hanks, and (yo!) Sylvester Stallone. Familiar dramatis personae also return to the screen: James Bond (*Licence to Kill*), Jason (*Friday the 13th VIII*), and Freddie Krueger (*A Nightmare on Elm Street V*).

And what might the case have been had the Hollywood boneheads succeeded in disrupting industry growth and diversification with protectionist legislation back in the Sixties? Probably bad, and certainly not *this* good. Hey, laissez-faire, babe!

—BRAD MINER

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writer in popular graphic literature over the past decade, the Joker is a good man gone bad. But in the movie, according to the wonderful script by Sam Hamm and Warren Skaaren, Jack Napier is a monster before he goes wacko. In the universe of this movie, morality is a living force and aimlessness does not rule. A psychotic monster is formed not by chance, but as the sum of, indeed in retribution for, all his previous wicked acts.

And in an age when cinematic notions of heaven are typically limited to such things as baseball diamonds in Iowa, Tim Burton has returned to the imagery of Dante and Milton. Hero and villain have their climactic showdown at the dizzying summit of Gotham Cathedral. It is war in the heavens, and it comes as no surprise when it is the weight of a ghastly stone gargoyle tied to his feet that foils the Joker's escape by helicopter ("I shall ascend into heaven") and drags him to his doom ("Thou shalt be brought down to the sides of the pit").

Such a vision of ultimate conflict stands in stark contrast to the appallingly mechanical moralism of Christopher Reeve's Man of Steel in *Superman IV*. With its hamhanded, agitprop message of unilateral nuclear disarmament, *Superman IV* died at the box office. That *Batman* is booming suggests that the Great American Public has reserves of moral sensibility it is hardly aware of itself.

Superman, the immigrant from Krypton who grew up in rural Middle America and made good in Metropolis, is definitely a Dukakis liberal, a Green. Batman, however, has a less rosy-eyed view of life. "It isn't a perfect world," Bruce Wayne tells Vicki Vale, the lustrous Kim Basinger, as the memory of his parents' murder replays behind his eyes. He does not trust the government to improve things. After all, the mob has run Gotham City for a century. Like that other Wayne, John, Bruce knows that "a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do." Here is an unreconstructed Reagan Republican if ever there was one.

This must be bad enough for Batman's liberal critics, but if we ask what religion Bruce Wayne professes, the answer must horrify them even more. Although he would be outraged by the current state of the Church in America, Batman has to be an unrepentant, unashamed, pre-Vatican II Roman Catholic—and if Pope John Paul II really wants to reach the American people, he should screen *Batman* and ponder its message. □

THEATER

MERCHANDISING THE MERCHANT

Eva Resnikova

ON THE SURFACE it seemed like a good idea, having Dustin Hoffman make his Shakespearean and West End debut in *The Merchant of Venice* as Shylock, that quintessential outsider. It certainly made commercial sense: a month before the show opened on June 1, $3 million worth of tickets had been sold, turning it into the most heavily booked straight play in the history of the West End, and therefore Shakespeare's biggest London hit yet.

That neither the play nor the intelligent direction of Peter Hall nor the handsome production nor the fine acting of the ensemble was the main attraction became abundantly clear when an indisposed Hoffman bowed out an hour before curtain time one evening a week into the run. Much has been made of the fact that Hoffman is not being treated as a star in either the billing, which is alphabetical, or the curtain calls, which are communal; his unscheduled absence revealed the emptiness of these gestures. While the show was not, like Antonio's masque, actually canceled, the management did take the unusual step of offering refunds or exchanges for seats during a three-week extension of the limited run, which is now scheduled to end on September 23.

A handful of brave ticket-holding souls decided to cast their lot with the understudy, Brian Poyser, normally found in the spear-carrying role of Balthasar. This self-determined triage yielded an unexpected boon in the form of a dream audience that in the quality of its attention and response could not be further removed from the flashbulb-wielding star gazers at the following day's matinee, with Hoffman back on the boards.

Seeing this *Merchant* initially with the understudy provided a unique opportunity to assess the production on its own terms, without the inevitable distortion of a pop-star presence. On extremely short notice, Poyser gave a serious and straightforward, yet nuanced, portrayal that relied more on the text to emphasize Shylock's alien status than on an exotic accent or unseemly behavior. Most important, Poyser's Shylock was of a piece with Hall's production, something that cannot be said for Hoffman's.

Fidelity to the text and well-spoken verse are hallmarks of Hall's approach to Shakespeare. But if he does not radically reinterpret, he does have a strong point of view, which unifies the production and encourages us to look at the play with fresh eyes. In the present case he has emphasized the cynical world view of the merchant Antonio and his friends and followers, which often emerges as irony. This is clear in the opening line of the play, Antonio's "In sooth, I know not why

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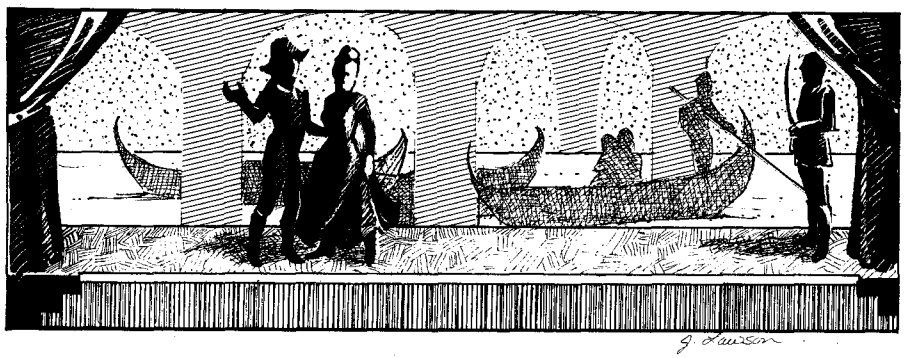

I am so sad," which as pronounced by Leigh Lawson with pointed deliberation is not melancholy but rather derisively self-mocking.

Antonio's agreement to the outrageous condition of Shylock's "merry bond"—a pound of flesh as forfeit for the three thousand ducats that his friend Bassanio feels he needs to woo the "richly left" Portia—can thus be construed as a gesture born of nihilism, perhaps because Antonio harbors an impossible secret love for Bassanio, perhaps a consequence of living in a society of enormous wealth in which most human relations seem to be rooted at least partly in something baser than pure selfless love. When Lorenzo, stealing away with Shylock's daughter, Jessica, proclaims, "Beshrew me but I love her heartily," Hall has him sifting through the casket of jewels she has stolen from her father; when Gratiano, seeking Nerissa's hand, describes swearing oaths of love "till my very roof was dry," Bassanio rightly, if bootlessly, questions his friend's "good faith."

Shylock's outsider status is embodied in his refusal of self-irony and his insistence on literalism, which is irony's opposite. The only humor left him is bitter sarcasm based on literal interpretation ("You call me . . . cutthroat dog . . . Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats?"). This Shylock has long ago lost the ability to view himself with humor, if he ever possessed it; he cannot afford to, as he must hold onto every shred of dignity he can, the aim of most of the Christians around him being to rob him of it. (Hall effectively reminds us of this continual casual anti-Semitism by including graphic depictions of Shylock being spat upon, rather than relying on the verbal descriptions in the dialogue, which we tend to translate into mere metaphor.) Shylock's insistence on carrying out the terms of his bond is the ultimate refusal of irony, a literal interpretation even to the extent of refusing a surgeon, for, as he says, "I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond." In the end, of course, Portia out-Shylock's Shylock, hoisting him by his own literalist petard.

This fails to come across in Hoffman's Shylock, who seems to have wandered in from a different production—presumably one on Second Avenue, former site of New York's Yiddish theater. With an accent that might be described as Mitteleuropa by way of Brooklyn (with occasional lapses into American), he began by playing for laughs, and the audience was only too happy to oblige. They failed to cooperate, however, when he aimed for pathos, and many lines not intended as comic were greeted with laughter, even including his final, devastating "I am content." His delivery of the "Hath not a Jew eyes?" speech seemed perfunctory, and the revealing moment when Shylock lets slip a passing reference to his dead wife, wrenching in Poyser's performance, did not register in Hoffman's. Attempts at high emotion too often involved sawing the air with his hand and raising the volume to a nasal bray.

Part of the problem with Hoffman's performance, of course, stems from his celebrity status. The harder a pop star tries to act ordinary, the more he seems to stand out—viz. Madonna with mousy brown hair and glasses in *Speed-the-Plow*, attempting to convince us that she is a pretty but otherwise unexceptional temporary secretary. Deliberately trying to avoid doing a star turn, Hoffman has toned down his performance to such an extent that it has become enfeebled and, finally, not very interesting.

The other performances ranged from the competent to the outstanding. Among the latter, in addition to Lawson's Antonio there was Nathaniel Parker as a particularly callow Bassanio; Michael Siberry (Nicholas Nickleby in the Broadway return engagement) as a Gratiano dripping with sarcasm; Peter-Hugo Daly as a casually cruel Launcelot Gobbo, and John Cater as his pathetically comical purblind father. The women fared somewhat less well. Francesca Buller as Jessica seems to have been cast more for her height—she is convincingly shorter than the diminutive Hoffman—than for any outstanding thespian abilities. Geraldine James (Sarah in *Jewel in the Crown*) speaks well and has the necessary authority for Portia, though one would have welcomed a note of leavening vulnerability.

Chris Dyer's unit of pillared marble and his period costumes were handsome and appropriate. But everything about this production showed evidence of having been thought through with intelligence and imagination. Superficially, this *Merchant of Venice* may appear traditional, in that it is not burdened with a directorial "concept." But considering the way in which Shakespeare is so often staged today, especially on this side of the Atlantic, respect for the text and beautifully spoken verse seems a radical concept indeed. □

Miss Resnikova writes about theater and dance for The New Criterion *and the* New York Observer.

THE GIMLET EYE

FEIFFER AT SIXTY

D. Keith Mano

"This is not a good time for me. Going from the greatest President a left-wing political cartoonist could have . . . the man who gave us Movie America . . . to the man who seems hell-bent on giving us country-club America. Will he turn me into a kinder, gentler cartoonist? And, therefore, an unemployed cartoonist? I lead a professional life the success of which is based on my being bitterly disappointed in everything."

—Jules Feiffer at the 92nd Street Y, July 12, 1989

WHEN SKETCHING himself, even after all this time, Jules Feiffer will draw a caricature of the good Bolshevik

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revolutionary: bald, bespectacled, with sharp, dark beard, tall and thin—not handsome, you know, but penetrating and *sensitive*. File that under self-romanticism. In person Feiffer seems soft, full of edema: like someone with acute renal collapse. The mouth, which he has never been frank enough to draw, is peculiarly unsettling: it seems toothless (as infant children weep, inner lip turned out) more an abscess than an aperture. One is grateful for the beard, no longer black: without that tough ground cover, it would seem, the weak face might erode away in rain. And yet Feiffer has been ridiculing the look and demeanor of famous people since 1950 or so. Talk about politics and envy.

"As a child the only thing I wanted to be was grown up. Because I was a terrible flop as a child. You cannot be a successful boy in America if you cannot throw or catch a ball."

Such self-deprecation is disarming. I like Feiffer, mind. But when I ask, "Is it possible for someone who can't throw a ball, who is an outsider, to be anything other than a liberal?" Feiffer bristles somewhat. "Throw that racist out." (Racist? Has men-who-throw-like-women become an ethnic group?) I can understand, though. It must be disturbing to realize that one's political outlook, expressed with passion since childhood, is the mere result of poor coordination. (Yes: but, oh, how often in history has that been at least the partial cause of liberalism.) Feiffer retorts: "I think one can be quite conservative and not throw a ball. I suspect George Will doesn't know how to throw a ball." And I reply, "I suspect George Will isn't a conservative." At which point Feiffer muses, "Gee, I hope he is. I'd hate to think he was on our side."

And when, later, I observe that Feiffer's best political and social satire would be just as efficient without the cartooning, he gets defensive again. "Try to type them up some time. They won't work simply as texts." But they often do. In fact, Feiffer is a perfunctory draftsman. He never, for instance, came close to drawing Ronald Reagan with insight or edge. Feiffer is more skit-writer than artist. Typically his first cartoon panel establishes character: a verbal designation—"Kissinger," or "Yuppie Girl"—would serve as well. After that you seldom even register the drawing. His faces are re-

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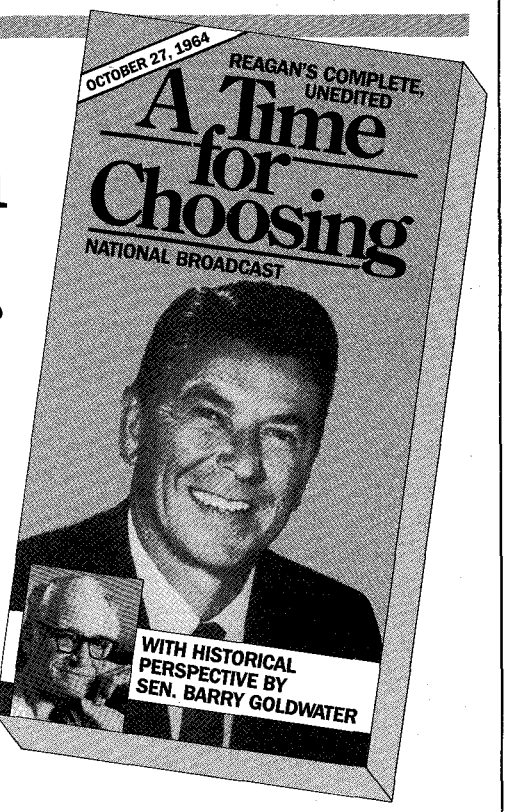

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Tim Bower

petitive and meant to be punctuation—comma, exclamation point—for a certain kind of soliloquy.

Feiffer, as child manqué, was alert enough. He noted that "all grown-ups spoke in code. All marketing is in code, all politics is in code, many marriages are in code." The Feiffer cartoon-soliloquy has a typical build and coda. Someone has entered stage left: butch feminist or dispirited liberal, Reagan, Bush, whoever—through five panels, with increasing agitation, the character will ruminate aloud in his or her particular code. At panel six or seven—maybe out of excitement, maybe out of cynicism, some pressure anyway—the character will drop the code persona and deliver a brutal, "real" audience-aside. This ritual unmasking is Feiffer's one comic device: he has made a four-decade career of it. But Feiffer is, unfortunately, both unmasker and mask maker. His effectiveness will depend, more or less, on how accurate in tone those first five panels have been.

Now liberalism, of course, is a virtual code boutique. These are the same hypocrites who gave us "mentally challenged," genderless pronouns, and all that non-nutritious diet language. When Feiffer is masking a liberal (as he often will in his relationship satire), he can be sniper-scope sharp. I remember the woman who celebrated her lover for his gentleness and consideration. Yes, he wasn't macho. Yes, he gave her space. And appreciated intelligence in a woman. It was refreshing. "And now," she says (mask drop), "I'll go back to men."

When lampooning the Right, however, Feiffer is as deaf as a drainboard. Take George Bush's dance, for instance: "I celebrate the return of old money. The return of first names that sound like last names and men of fifty who are named junior . . . the return of a genetic responsibility for a kinder, gentler nation." Last panel, mask drop. "Why not? We own it." All this is reasonably amusing, but irrelevant. It has little impact because, with or without a mask, George Bush doesn't talk that way. George Bush doesn't even *think* that way. Rather than introduce an accurate (and nuanced) conservative mask, Feiffer lugs out his standard liberal-impression-of-what-the-Right-is-like. You have improbable burlesque, not incisive parody. And Feiffer's problem, I surmise, is the liberals' big problem today: they just do not see us clearly. While liberals controlled national discourse it didn't matter. Around 1980 it became a critical impediment. All at once conservatives couldn't be made to fit that comforting Nixon caricature. But the Feiffer liberal has a lifetime invested in his familiar bugbear distortion. He is unable, apparently, to adapt. What you don't understand, you can't counteract.

Feiffer, though, fears that he may be mellowing. "Either I've gotten more conservative as I've gotten older," he said, "or I've gotten more honest." An interesting slip, that. It isn't either/or, Jules. For old liberals there is an unavoidable connection between honesty and conservatism. □

SZASZ

(Continued from page 38)

fenseless, and only involuntary actor in the play—successfully pass precisely such an examination.

I submit that we have been had. We zealously guard our horses from common thieves, while organized criminals, with more ambition and imagination, load the barn, horses and all, onto trucks and cart it off to their own corral. No one in American dreams of challenging the presumption that we are innocent until proven guilty, yet we guard it jealously; whereas the presumption that we are competent to stand trial—which had been ours from Colonial times until the middle of this century—we have slowly but surely relinquished to the mad-doctors and alienists, and no one seems alarmed or even aware of the loss.

Of all the actors in a courtroom drama, we question the psychiatric competence only of the defendant (typically only if he is charged with a so-called bizarre crime, and usually only if he is a Very Unimportant Person who cannot defend himself against this tactic to disarm and disable him). But if we are truly interested in guaranteeing a defendant's right to a fair and speedy trial, should we not question the competence of all the actors? Or, better still, should we not assume that a person who is mentally capable of committing a sophisticated crime is, ipso facto, psychiatrically capable of standing trial for it and, if guilty, being punished for it? □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. For NR box numbers only, send responses to NR Box ——, National Review, 150 E. 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ROBERT TAYLOR:

It Has Come to This

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WHO SAYS A MUST SAY B

NEW YORK, AUG. 7

Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble—
Were you there when they crucified my Lawd?

JUST LOOK at the headlines and go ahead and conclude that everybody in the United States has become a wimp, except thee and me. And sometimes I wonder about thee.

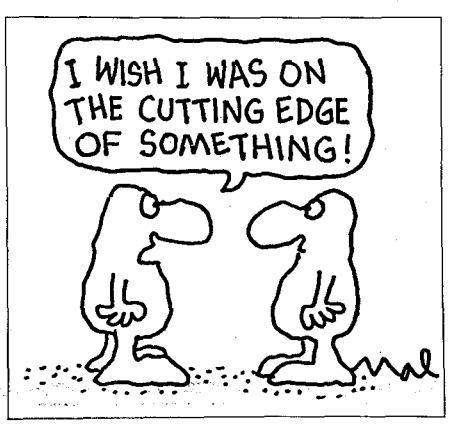
We have been reading for over a month about one Felix Bloch, who was our second-in-command in Vienna while (it is more than whispered; it is very nearly proclaimed) he was working for the Soviet Union. It happens that four years ago I spent two days in Vienna practicing my anti-Communism to great effect among assorted intellectuals and newspapermen, under the formal sponsorship of Ambassador Helene von Damm, but under the workaday direction of Mr. Bloch, with whom I exchanged anti-Communist chitchat over a beer after my lectures. Since I do not know any state secrets, I must have bored him to death. But then nobody seems to care very much whether he was in fact on our side or on their side. Perhaps Gorbachevism has reached the point where we should have common paymasters for the KGB and the CIA.

And now we read about one John Vladimir Hirsch, a 33-year-old captain in the Air Force. Andrew Rosenthal of the *New York Times* writes that he "had access to codes used for Air Force communications at a vital intelligence post in West Berlin." And summarizes, "The loss of such data, which could include records of the listening post's monitoring of Eastern-bloc radar and communications, would cause significant but not irreparable harm to intelligence-gathering operations, military officials and intelligence specialists said."

Well now to begin with, there is seldom any such thing as "irreparable harm." Pearl Harbor did not do irreparable harm to the American fleet, and the atom bomb did not do irreparable harm to Hiroshima, if you use the very long perspective. It might be said that the Romans did irreparable harm to Carthage back there, and the Trojan horse, come to think of it, did irreparable harm to Troy. But I am asking a very simple question, which is: Why don't we take people who are caught and found guilty of spying for the other side and string them up? I mean exactly that—I am not using a metaphor. I mean: string them up. Kim Philby, safe in Moscow, was able to laugh about the CIA agents he arranged to ambush when they landed in Albania in the Fifties. It was hilarious. There they were, attempting to bring a shred of liberty into that black hole of Communism, and Master Spy Kim Philby alerted the Communist militia, who caught our agents, tortured, and executed them. Toward the end of his lifetime, people were paying court to Philby in Moscow. We couldn't very well arrange to execute him in Red Square, though maybe Mathias Rust, the young West German aviator, might have arranged it; but we caught dozens of his brothers, in England, France, Switzerland, and America: and they live pleasant enough lives here and there, most of them (like Alger Hiss) back in the social swim, denouncing McCarthyism.

Big change of gear, but still on the wimp front . . . Oakland, California. "Typical of the patients seen in inner-city emergency rooms is a man who arrived here by ambulance the other day suffering from acute cocaine intoxication. He thrashed uncontrollably, threatening to yank his arms and legs from the leather restraints that lashed him to the gurney. He fought off three police officers, two paramedics, a doctor, and a nurse trying to tie him down with a coiled sheet. He cursed, brayed, and spat at them until they covered his face with a surgical mask. The man spent 16 hours in the emergency room, medicated, tested, and observed by physicians, psychiatrists, and nurses who knew from the first that there was little they could do for him, medically or psychologically. His care cost thousands of dollars, and he took up a bed at a county institution that is overcrowded and nearing fiscal collapse. His abusive behavior further tested the waning compassion of staff members, who say that crack has transformed their work into an exhausting, thankless treadmill. . . . 'This place was turned into a zoo by crack and everything that goes along with it,' said Dr. Robert Dailey, the last full-time emergency-department chief at Highland, who quit the post last year in frustration."

Put the cokesters into camps and give them all the coke they want, and let the drug-peddlers die of frustration instead of the doctors and the nurses and the police and the schoolteachers. We might send in an occasional spy, one of those we didn't get around to hanging, to tell us how things are going in Camp Despair. Maybe fewer people will apply for entry after a while. □



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EASY DOES IT

NEW YORK, AUG. 4

ASKED the other day to comment on developments in China, Ronald Reagan made an acute point of considerable temperamental importance to conservatives.

I myself would like to see the change made with the speed and energy of lightning. Granted, there was an interval of three months between the time the Winter Palace was stormed, and the time the Bolsheviks took over (read: abolished) the parliament. But between the time the Bastille was stormed and some sort of order was restored to France, five years went by. Between Fort Sumter and the Emancipation Proclamation, almost two years went by, and it was another hundred years before black Americans got all the rights white Americans had. Four centuries passed between the death of Christ and the Christianization of Rome.

Even so, we cherish our dreams. Like what?

Well, like one night, 'long about midnight—maybe on Christmas Eve: that

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would be nice—a troop of young intellectuals move into Lenin's tomb, fetch up the remains of the bloody old despot, and throw them into the river. The next day, on Soviet TV, it is announced that a Bill of Rights has been passed by what used to go by the name of the Supreme Soviet, which is now the Congress of the Russian Confederation. A commission has been established to distinguish between aggressive and defensive weapons, and beginning next Monday the former will be destroyed. All farmers are entitled to forty acres of land, which are theirs to work as they see fit. All buildings and living units will be given to their tenants, and the biggest economic expansion in the history of the world will begin on, oh, Tuesday. On Wednesday, there will be trials of the major offenders, but limited to one thousand: for the rest, amnesty. The former, upon conviction, will retire to Siberia. They will be free to do as they like on the tundras during the summer, preparing for the first frost in September. After that they can stay in their igloos and for five years they will have available only the collected works of Stalin's victims to read. . . . I've never experienced a heroin rush, but I've got to believe it plays second fiddle to this dream.

Well, what Ronald Reagan told his questioner was that "perhaps" the students in China had moved too quickly. That he was of course entirely in sympathy with every one of their demands, but that the hard-core in China simply can't be expected to evaporate when asked to do so by ten thousand or even one hundred thousand students. That isn't the way of human nature.

Conservatives especially should understand language of that kind. It does not diminish our appetite for counterrevolutionary achievements, but it ought to lessen our expectations. The *Wall Street Journal*, for instance, reports that compared with a year ago there is hearty dissatisfaction with Gorbachev within the Soviet Union. Not because he has ushered in *glasnost*, but because the dibs and dabs of *perestroika* have not had the advertised effect. To give a speech or two advocating more economic enterprise and more attention to the marketplace isn't the same thing as actually licensing private entrepreneurs. The result of it all is that the economic misery in Moscow and elsewhere heightens, and even tea is now hard to find, which is the Russian analogue of a shortage of sugar in Cuba, the only miracle brought on by thirty years of Castro Communism.

The point here is that we must expect that progress will come slowly, that it will come in fits and starts. Our sole responsibility in the matter is to maintain the pressure that, conjoined with the pressure brought by nature (and nature's God), orients the Soviet Union and China toward reform in the first instance. This means that we cannot disarm with girlish giggles of anticipation of Soviet disarmament tomorrow. It means that we need to continue to roam those quarters of the world where the Soviet Union continues to exercise hegemonic influence, as in Angola and Mozambique, Ethiopia and Vietnam, North Korea and Cuba. . . . But, when fired up by the glory of those incandescent days at Tiananmen Square, we need to remind ourselves that, as conservatives, we are permitted to hope for counterrevolutionary convulsions, but we can only expect counterrevolutionary progress. □

EXECUTE RONALD MONROE?

NEW YORK, AUG. 14

My own opinion is that too few, not too many, people are being executed in America. But it makes very good sense to be as certain as circumstances allow that the right people go to the death chamber. Hang one man, prove the next day or year that he was in fact innocent, and you set back the case for the death penalty by a generation, with the result that hundreds who should be hanged eventually go back on the streets; and thousands who should live are killed by those who have every reason to scoff at the death penalty.

Which brings me to Ronald Monroe, scheduled to die on August 30 in Louisiana, for the death, by stabbing, of his next-door neighbor, Lenora Collins, a crime done in the middle of the night, to which there were two eyewitnesses, the pre-teenage children of the victim. There was no physical evidence that linked Monroe to the crime: he claimed he was home at the time, in a drunken sleep.

Since Monroe's conviction, in January 1980, the victim's common-law husband, George Stinson, took up with another woman, who by convention became his common-law wife. After a while, he stabbed her to death, in Michigan.

Men talk, even killers, and Stinson divulged to a cellmate that wife #1 had died in the same way as wife #2, of knife wounds to the neck and chest.

Stinson is certainly a ladies' man, because there was another wife, before the victim who concerns us here. Stinson stabbed her also, but made the mistake of assuming she was dead: in fact she was not. She survived his assault, as did a stranger who, about that time, ran into Stinson, who was feeling irritated by life and attempted to kill the stranger with a bludgeon of some sort. Nor did Stinson confine himself to wives and strangers. He sexually abused, and intimidated, the preteenage daughter of the Louisiana victim, and there are those who conclude that that is why she is testifying against another man. She is afraid of Stinson.

During Mr. Stinson's Bluebeard period, Mr. Monroe, who is scheduled to be executed, had one brush with the law, a scuffle in a bus, for which he was fined ten dollars. That was the sum total of his offenses against the law.

Now all of this was brought to the attention of Louisiana's Pardon Board, and this resulted in a unanimous recommendation to the governor, Charles Roemer, that the death sentence be commuted. It is reliably rumored that the Pardon Board was motivated, in recommending the commutation of sentence, by its profound belief that Mr. Monroe was in fact not guilty of killing his neighbor.

Assuming everything I have written is true, would you agree that there is reasonable doubt that Ronald Monroe is the man who killed Mrs. Collins? If the answer is yes, then he ought not to be executed.

Strange to say, there has been very little commotion in the press about the impending death of Ronald Monroe. Up until a year or so ago his case was frequently cited. But there seems to be the numbing feeling that, having lost his last judicial appeal, he is on the assembly line to the electric chair, and that nothing much can be done. The lawyers are of course active, as also the anti-capital-punishment organizations: but lawyers and generic opponents of capital punishment have a way of cloying—they sometimes leave the impression they'd have freed Jack the Ripper; and indeed they kept Ted Bundy alive for ten years.

But it is a pity that they coarsen the mind, and the heart. Where are the men of conscience? The religious leaders? The men and women who know intuitively that for every innocent man hanged, one thousand guilty men will go free, that being the way society atones for its judicial mistakes.

The key man, of course, is Charles Roemer. Governors hate above all things to appear to be manipulable. But it is something else altogether to ask them to put matters of state to one side for long enough to concentrate on the merits of an individual case which very possibly will become, in just over a fortnight, one more of those wrenching cases in which the wrong man was hanged. Injustice is written into the human order and cannot be expunged from it. But such injustices as are the result of sheer inattention are injustices compounded. Governor Roemer, and those citizens of Louisiana who think of themselves as candidates for elevation into the company of the gentler and kinder Americans whom we celebrate, should face an anxious fortnight, between now and when the bell tolls finally for Ronald Monroe, on the last day but one in August. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Pencil ingredient — GRAPHITE
10 64 77 80 2 133 31 161

B. Overly demonstrative — EFFUSIVE
43 153 152 104 98 16 20 74

C. Else — OTHERWISE
23 114 32 81 108 65 147 6 63

D. Religious title — RABBINATE
91 150 132 121 9 142 48 106

E. Mashie niblick is one (2 words) — GOLF CLUB
165 93 56 24 111 84 139 4

F. Capital of Alberta — EDMONTON
90 160 103 130 117 38 50 17

G. Beaver, at times — DAMMER
87 44 138 59 27 159

H. Said good-bye to the workers' paradise — EMIGRATED
112 157 54 167 71 8 25 123 42

I. Necessary sustenance — NUTRIMENT
82 158 15 140 109 156 47 170 62

J. One kind of bear — TEDDY
110 144 120 137 39

K. Captivate — ENTHRALL
13 131 85 73 162 30 55 37

L. Glisten in the sun — SHIMMER
125 127 163 46 12 70 154

M. Hold dear — CHERISH
129 69 96 113 40 149 26

N. Have the means to pay — AFFORD
166 99 18 58 143 49

O. Tuneful fabric pattern (2 words) — POLKA DOT
33 101 151 53 115 75 21 7

P. Roman road — ITER
169 89 34 145

Q. Ill-fated U.S. submarine — THRESHER
68 146 124 107 41 95 5 22

R. Constitutional addendum — AMENDMENT
168 102 136 57 45 148 128 35 1

S. State-sponsored form of gambling — LOTTERY
118 155 78 122 67 97 86

T. Wink — INSTANT
116 164 92 72 36 14 61

U. Scarcity — DEARTH
141 29 60 105 135 79

V. Optometrist's aid (2 words) — EYE CHART
88 119 3 134 66 19 100 52

W. Brought into accord — ATTUNED
83 126 94 11 51 76 28

1 R T	2 A H	3 V E		4 E B	5 Q E	6 C S	7 O T		8 H A	9 D R	10 A G	11 W U	12 L M	13 K E	14 T N	15 I T		16 B I	17 F N	
18 N F	19 V A	20 B V	21 O O	22 Q P		23 C O	24 E F		25 H T	26 M H	27 G E		28 W D	29 U E	30 K A	31 A T	32 C H		33 O P	34 P E
35 R N	36 T A	37 K L	38 F T	39 J Y		40 M I	41 Q S		42 H D	43 B E	44 G A	45 R D		46 L M	47 I E	48 D N		49 N D	50 F O	51 W N
52 V T		53 O K	54 H I	55 K L	56 E L		57 R N	58 N O		59 G M	60 U A	61 T T	62 I T	63 C E	64 A R		65 C W	66 V H	67 S E	68 Q T
69 M H	70 L E	71 H R		72 T T	73 K H	74 B E		75 O D	76 W E	77 A A	78 S T	79 U H		80 A P	81 C E	82 I N	83 W A	84 E L	85 K T	86 S Y
	87 G D	88 V E	89 P T	90 F E	91 D R	92 T S		93 E O	94 W T	95 Q H	96 M E	97 S R	98 B S		99 N F	100V R	101O O	102R M		103F M
104B U	105U R	106D D	107Q E	108C R		109I I	110J T		111E C	112H E	113M R	114C T	115O A	116T I	117F N	118S L	119V Y		120J D	121D E
122S T	123H E	124Q R	125L S		126W T	127L H	128R E		129M C	130F O	131K N	132D V	133A I	134V C	135U T	136R E	137J D		138G M	139E U
140I R	141U D	142D E	143N R	144J E	145P R		146Q H	147C I	148R M	149M S	150D E	151O L	152B F		153B F	154L R	155S O	156I M		157H M
158I U	159G R	160F D	161A E	162K R	163L I	164T N	165E G		166N A	167H G	168R A	169P I	170I N							

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Quality is Job 1.

Profile in quality #8:
Control.

At Ford, Mercury and Lincoln every car and truck we build is designed to put the driver in control. It's called human engineering—the interaction of man and machine. From the feel of the road, to the feel of the wheel, to the touch of a button, its objective is to provide the driver with comfort, confidence and ease of operation. When quality is job 1—you don't do it any other way.

Ford, Mercury, Lincoln, Ford Trucks.
Our goal is to build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world.

Ford

Buckle up—together we can save lives.

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